THE
LOVERS
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

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THE LOVER'S LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

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Rose Geranium I *prefer* you
To all the world beside.

THE LOVER'S

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS;

EXPRESSIVE OF THE

SENTIMENTS OF THE HEART:

WITH

FLORAL POETRY, LETTERS, &c.

BY A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

O take these flowers, so sweet and fair,
And place them on thy bosom there;
And let them now an emblem be
Of my abiding love for thee.

LONDON:
W. NICHOLSON & SONS,
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GR
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L85

PREFACE.

THE arrangement in this volume differs from that of other books of a similar character. Many flowers have been added, with their appropriate Sentiments. The volume contains much original matter, especially poetry of an apposite character to the "Language of Flowers." The Authoress has also added other beautiful poetic pieces which are legitimately available.

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

Look on these flowers! As o'er an altar shedding,
O'er Milton's page, soft light from coloured urns!
They are the links, man's heart to nature wedding,
When to her breast the prodigal returns.

They are from lone wild places, forest-dingles,
Fresh bank of many a low-voiced hidden stream,
Where the sweet star of eve looks down, and mingles
Faint lustre with the water-lily's gleam.

They are from where the soft winds play in gladness,
Covering the turf with pearly blossom-showers;
Too richly dowered, Oh! friend, are we for sadness,—
Look on an empire—mind and nature—ours!"

MRS. HEMANS.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Go, little book, and speak my heart,
By every precious flower;
Say that it loves, and will love on,
While it has vital power!

Some flowers have loving tongues;—
Such flowers, speak ye for me!

THE LOVER'S OFFERING;

OR, THE

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Oh lovely flowers! the earth's rich diadem,
Emblems are ye of heaven, and heavenly joy,
And starry brilliance in a world of gloom:
Peace, innocence, and guileless infancy
Claim sisterhood with you, and holy is the tie.

FLOWERS in every age have been regarded as beautiful and interesting objects in creation. The things upon which the human mind sets the highest value have been, and still are figuratively represented by flowers. The lover calls

the beloved object of his or her affection, "*My beautiful Flower!*" A young man is described as in the *flower of his youth*, to denote that his mental and physical powers are developing; and when we would mark that period of life when the mental and bodily powers are in full vigour, we describe it by saying, He is *in the flower of his age*. When a public speaker, minister, or Parliamentary orator, is peculiarly eloquent, figurative, &c., we describe his *style* as *flowery*. A man who has easily acquired much wealth, and encountered scarcely any adversity, is thus described; "His path has been *strewed with roses!*" The bereaved exclaim when a beloved one dies; *Alas! my faded flower!*

The most Heathenish and barbaric people have delighted in flowers. They have adorned their persons, altars, and temples with them. According to their mythology *Flora*, the goddess, presided over flowers. She was a beautiful young maiden crowned with blossoms and flowers, holding in her hand the horn of plenty. ZEPHYR is a figurative expression for the west wind,

which, by its balmy influence, calls the floral world into existence. He is represented as a young man of delicate form, with wings on his shoulders, and his head crowned with a variety of flowers.

In our own land, the appreciation of flowers is increasing; they are more extensively cultivated, and new varieties have been introduced. From the nobility down to the peasant flowers are loved. How delightful, when spring and summer have come again, to walk in the garden, or in the fields, or to ramble through the woods, to gather sweet flowers! Such pleasure is pourtrayed in the following lines:—

Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds?
Or seated in the deep cool shade, at some tall ash-tree's root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit?

O lovely flowers, this world would be drear and desolate without you! Are you

not the reminescences of the former paradise,—left unscathed by sin, to tell how much man has lost? Flowers, you are appreciated by the best minds of human kind. The most intellectual gaze on you most admiringly, and are fascinated by your splendour. They converse with you, and you with them, for you have tongues, and very sweet is the language of some flowers. I have felt your charms when, having traversed some barren track, I have come at length to the site of beautiful gardens—gardens made beautiful by you. Rich and variegated are your colours, beautiful are your tints and forms, and fragrant the incense you offer.

"Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love!
The wild bird joys your opening blooms to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be;
All hearts to nature true, ye strangely move,
Ye are so passing fair, so passing free,
I love ye all."

You invariably delight my senses, and important are the lessons which you teach. You declare God's handy-work, his matchless skill, his Almighty power, his benev-

olence to man. If you are so glorious, what must Eden have been! What must the heavenly Eden be! And how lovely must the glorified saints be in that Eden of never-failing splendour and delight!

There are myriads of flowers blooming there,
And blossoms of beauty rich and fair;
They form the sweet bowers of saints in light,
And minister to them sweet delight,
In that glorious sun-bright clime!

They who are not fond of flowers must be very insensible to the beauties of nature, or, be very deficient in taste and judgment. Most people are fond of flowers. I have seldom known a child, a maiden, a guileless youth, or a poet, indifferent to the beauties of a rose, or the sweet perfume of a lovely violet.

"Who loves not flowers, must have a heart of
uncongenial soil:
Go view the lilies of the vale, 'that neither spin
nor toil:'
E'en Solomon, in all his pride, was not array'd
like these
Meek dwellers in their loneliness, perfuming
every breeze."

Yes! Prideaux was right when he said, "The heart of him who loves not flowers," must be "of uncongenial soil, he has no communion with nature; he is an alien in this beautiful world of ours. His life is a fiction; and how gorgeous, how splendid soever, still it is but a fiction, it is not truth, it is not reality."--There can be no taste for the beautiful in him who loves not flowers.

Flowers have been the great source of the sweetest poetry. Had it not been for these beautiful and fragrant productions of nature, books of poetry would have been sadly deficient; for it is by them that poetic inspiration has, to a great extent, been produced. That inspiration the poet has caught when he has gazed upon the rose, the lily, the violet, and other lovely flowers, observing their beautiful formation, their rich and varied tints; and realizing their exuberant fragrance, poetical effusions have readily emanated from the poet's mind. Poets have justly acknowledged their obligations to flowers for their pleasing and enchanting stanzas, which all lovers of poetry have greatly appreciated.

Beautiful flowers are replete with language in unison with the sentiments of the heart. They form most interesting comparisons. The lover compares the cheeks or lips of his beloved one to the sweet red rose; and the fair white brow to the lovely white lily; the modest one is compared to the lily of the valley, or to the lowly daisy. Heart's Ease proclaims to the loved one, "You occupy my thoughts," and doubtless in preference to any other; while Heliotrope says, "I am devoted in affection." Thus flowers speak eloquently the passions and wishes of the heart.

Again, two lovers have completed their term of courtship; they feel it is time to terminate it in conjugal love. The day for tying the nuptial knot is fixed; it arrives, and love must be consummated. The Orange Blossoms, whose language is, "Your purity equals your loveliness," are in great demand, to hang on the pretty flowing ringlets of the bride. Flowers are often profusely showered by loving friends on the path of the conjugal party, as they return from the sacred temple where the

marriage ceremony has been performed. Thus the old poet describes it:—

"Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks of odours faint,
Daises, smell-less, but most quaint,
And sweet thyme true.

"Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips, in their cradles growing,
Marygolds on death-beds blooming,
Lark-heels trim.

"All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lye 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence.

And more recently Mrs. Hemans has written:—

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair,
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth;
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth;
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride

Flowers have from time immemorial been associated with sepulchral rites. They have been placed on the body of the deceased in the narrow coffin by mourning friends, as a token of their esteem and affection. Such a custom seems to say;—Like a flower thou wast beautiful—like a flower thou hast faded and perished—but hope, founded on Divine revelation, adds, Faded flower, thou shalt more beautifully bloom again at the resurrection of the just, never, never to fade again, in the Paradise of God; for there are no elements of destruction there.

Then why in anguish weep?
  Hope beams upon my view;
'Tis but a winter's sleep—
  My flowers shall spring anew;
Each darling flower in earth that sleeps
  O'er which fond memory hangs and weeps.

All to new life shall rise,
  In heavenly beauty bright,
Shall charm my ravish'd eyes
  In tints of rainbow light;
Shall bloom unfading in the skies,
  And drink the dews of paradise.

Flowers form the language of lovers, especially in Eastern lands, and will by and by, in our land. Would not a lover rejoice to receive from his mistress even but a "bay leaf," which speaks more eloquently and expressively than words could speak, "*I change but in dying?*" Every lover will understand this. Therefore, youths and maidens, study the Language of Flowers, as symbolical of the Language of your Heart, and the Heart of one you love. It will not only give you pleasure, but purify your feelings by its soft and elevating influence.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The Rose is a sign of Joy and Love,—
Young blushing Love in its earliest dawn;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the Myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the Lily's bell,
Pure as the heart in its native heaven;
Fame's bright star and Glory's swell,
In the glossy leaf of the Bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart,
In the Violet's hidden sweetness breathes;
And the tender soul that cannot part,
A twine of Evergreen fondly wreathes.

The Cypress that daily shades the grave,
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot;
And Faith that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves—Forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers:
O, so full of love their language will be—
Right welcome to one who now loves thee!

The love of flowers has pervaded the minds of the sick and the dying; for they regard them as the wonderful productions of their Creator, whose wisdom and power are visible in the minutest objects in creation; and because they are beautiful, lovely, and fragrant. They also remind them of their own fragile state,—fading, dying, descending to the dust—they remind them too of their resuscitated and glorified state in Paradise—there they will be more lovely and enchanting than the brightest flowers on earth. Of their future glory, flowers are but faint emblems.

Mrs. Hemans believed that "the fine passion for flowers is the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence. Often, during this weary illness of mine, have I looked upon new books with indifference, when if a friend has sent me a few flowers, my heart has leaped up to their dreamy hues and odours, with a sudden sense of renovated childhood, which seems to me one of the mysteries of our being."

Nothing is so common as to bring flowers to invalids. It cheers them. It is a floral proof of friendship, sympathy, and affection. We have seen a benignant smile play upon the emaciated countenance on such a presentation, and a pleasure apparently diffused through the attenuated frame.—O then "bring flowers, bring flowers," if ye can but comfort your suffering friend.

Often is the grave of a beloved friend visited by survivors; there flowers are strewed, or planted, in remembrance of the departed. There have we seen the bended attitude of survivors, marked the

silent prayer by the motion of the lips, the uplifted hands, the weeping eyes, and the heaving bosom. Their mental sensations, as they stand by the receptacle of the dead, may be thus pourtrayed:—

I see not now thy lovely face;
I hear not now thy gentle voice;
I'm weeping in this solemn place—
O what can now make me rejoice?

The flowers I place upon thy grave,
Have been bedew'd with many a tear;
But tears so bitter could not save
Thy faded form from resting here.

I take the Amaranthine flower,
And place it on thy lonely grave;
To me an emblem of that power,
Which shall my friend for ever save.

Although thy form is in the dust,
Thou art a deathless spirit bright;
Feasting on heavenly joys, I trust,—
Praising thy Saviour day and night.

O Amaranth, the emblem be
That my dear friend shall bloom again,
And that we shall each other see
In bliss for ever to remain.

There flowers shall bloom, and never fade,
For blighting power will not be there;
The body be immortal made;
The soul a golden crown shall wear. Gu.

When flowers die, hope does not. From the same roots a succession of flowers, equally beautiful shall come. And is there no hope for man who withers like the grass? Shall he not live again? Yes, if virtuous, his future life shall be more happy, and grander than that which he has lived in this sin-trodden and mutable world.

There's hope when we behold a wither'd flower,
That Spring shall Nature's faded charms restore;
There's hope in those whom fate's relentless power
Has sternly exiled from their native shore;
That yet may smile for them a brighter hour,
When their transported eyes shall look once more
On those they weep to leave, till fond hearts burn
With all the rapturous feelings of return.
AGNES STRICKLAND.

Oh! flowers! ye bring us lovely visions in the soft time of spring, and pleasant remembrances of sweet faces dear to us in youth, when the heart was filled

with the most endearing affections; ye people our dreams with forms of beauty, and images of richest hue! Without you, lovely flowers, this earth would be dark, desolate, and dead!

Then, sweet flowers, we will love you, and ever gaze upon you; for by your magical beauty, wondrous formation, rich and varied tints, and agreeable fragrance, you delight our senses, and instruct and elevate our minds. Ye metamorphose the desert into a garden of heaven, and spread a glory all around where you exist. You have tongues, you are symbolical; eloquent is your speech, and full of import is your meaning.

SPRING IS HERE.

Hear how the nightingales, on every spray,
Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May!
The gale that o'er yon waving Almond blows,
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strews,
The smiling season decks each flowery glade;
Be gay, too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

SIR WM. JONES.

THE SNOW-DROP.

——When I meet thee by the way,
Like a pretty, sportive child,
On the winter-wasted wild,
With thy darling breeze at play,
Opening to the radiant sky
All the sweetness of thine eye;
—Or bright with sunbeams, glad with showers,
O thou fairy-queen of flowers!
Watch thee o'er the plain advance,
At the head of Flora's dance;
Simple Snowdrop! then in thee
All thy sister train I see:
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the rose;
All the beauties that appear
On the bosom of the year;
All that wreath the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,
Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
—All to thee their tribute bring,
Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
—Their hues, their odours all are thine!
For while thy humble form I view,
The Muse's keen, prophetic sight
Brings fair futurity to light,
And fancy's magic makes the vision true.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Flowers are the emblems of heaven, and of heaven's bliss. "Flowers," says one, "are antitypes of the angelic, and meet tokens of the world of beauty, which lies beyond the vestibule of the future life." How beautiful is the figurative description of heaven by the well known words of Dr. Watts:—

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Another poet thus describes the heavenly Eden:—

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
For evermore are green;
Contrasted with thy pleasant flowers,
All ours on earth are mean.

Jerusalem! thou fragrant land!
What are our spices here,
Balm, honey, nard, and cinnamon,
Which we account so dear?

Our nectar and ambrosia sweet,
Our violets, roses, all
Are scentless, when compared with those
Whose petals never fall. GU.

The increase of virtue, and the consequent decrease of vice, are florally represented in Holy Scripture, referring to the millennial state yet to come:—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the *desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.*"—"I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon." Speaking of Messiah's triumphs, the poet says;—

He shall come down like showers
  Upon the fruitful earth;
Love, joy, and hope, like *flowers*,
  Spring in his path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
  Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
  From hill to valley flow.

The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
  That alights upon misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery Almond flower
  That blooms on a leafless bough. MOORE.

DIRECTIONS

FOR EXPRESSING SENTIMENTS BY THE PRESENTATION OF FLOWERS.

1.—To affirm a Sentiment, give the flower with leaves on its stem.

2.—To negative a Sentiment, deprive a flower of its leaves; or cut the top of the plant presented which does not flower.

3. If the flower, or plant, is to express the first person, in giving it, lean it to the *left hand.* Leaning a flower to the *right hand* indicates an affirmative.

4.—When you send a bouquet let the knot of the tie-ribbon be on the *left* as you look on the opened flowers, if you wish to express *I* or *me;* and the opposite for *thou, thee,* or *you.*

5.—A flower on the head denotes *caution;* on the breast it denotes *remembrance,* or *friendship.* A rose taken from the breast over the heart, and presented, denotes fervent and undying love. If the person receiving such a gift were to reverse the rose, it would imply disregard and contempt.

SEND FLOWERS.

Flowers have tongues, and they can tell
What in thy heart may chance to dwell;
Send them to one whom thou lov'st best—
For they will hush the heart to rest.

Dost thou *love?* The *Myrtle* and *Rose*
Send, and they will thy love disclose;
Send them in faith, and thou shalt see
A heart returning love to thee.

Amethyst shows thy *admiration*,
Dwarf Sunflower, thy *adoration;*
Four-leaved Clover proclaims *Be mine*,—
Send them for answer, *I am thine.*

Hawthorn, O let thy *hope* abound—
Let not *Cypress* with thee be found:
Swamp Magnolia, persevere,
And thou shalt conquer—never fear.

O *White Lily!* *Sweetness* dwells there,—
Red Rose, *Beauty*, O bright and rare!
Rose and *Daisy* in that sweet one blend—
Gather these flowers, and quickly send.

THE REPLY.

Peach-blossom, thy *captive* I am held;
Daily Rose, I *aspire* to thy *smile;*
Indian Jasmine, I cling to you,
Fly-trap, without *deceit* or *guile.* GU.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

PART FIRST.

FLOWERS AND SENTIMENTS.

ACACIA, YELLOW...SECRET LOVE.

Most men do their works proclaim:—
Thy good works thou dost not name;
Just as a flower that blooms unseen,
Thou hid'st thy head, thou feel'st so mean! GU

A

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Abatina	...Fickleness
Abecedary ...	...Volubility
Acacia	...Chaste love
Acacia, Pink or Rose	Elegance, friendship
Acacia, Yellow	...Secret Love
Acanthus	...Arts, artifice
Achillea Millefolia	...War
Aconite, Crowfoot	...Lustre
Aconite, or Wolf's Bane	...Misanthrophy
Adonis, *(Pheasant's eye)*	Sorrowful Remembrance

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Agnus Castus ...	...Coldness, Indifference
Agrimony ...	...Gratitude
Almond Laurel	...Perfidy
Almond	...Promise
Allspice	...Compassion
Aloe	...Affliction, Grief
Althæa Frutex, *(Syrian mallow)*	...Persuasion
Alyssum Sweet	...Worth beyond beauty
Amaranth ...	...Immortality, Unfading love
Amaranth, Globe	...Unchangeable
Amaryllis... ...	...Pride, Haughtiness
Ambrosia... ...	...Love returned
American Cowslip	...Pensiveness, Divine beauty
Americen Elm...	...Patriotism
American Linden	...Matrimony
American Starwort	Welcome to a stranger, Cheerfulness
Amethyst... ...	...Admiration
Anemone, Garden	...Forsaken
Anemone, Field	...Sickness, Expectation
Angelica	...Inspiration

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Angrec	...Royalty
Apocynum, *(Dog's bane)*	...Deceit
Apple Blossom	...Preference
Apple	...Temptation
Apricot Blossom	...Doubt
Arbor Vitæ ...	...Durable friendship
Arum, Wake Robin	Ardour
Asclepias	...Cure for the Heart-ache
Ash Tree	...Grandeur
Ash Tree, Mountain	Prudence
Aspen Tree ...	...Lamentation, Fearful
Asphodel	...Unending regret, or my regrets follow you to the grave
Aster, China ...	...Variety, Afterthought
Auricula	...Painting
Auricula, Scarlet	...Avarice
Azalea	...Temperance

Which of these flowers shall I select
To declare my heart's affection?
Acacia; chaste is my love for thee,—
Acacia rose, friendship to bear reflection.

Aconite crowfoot, honoured be thou
And *illustrious* ever be thy name;
Ambrosia, *returned* be thy *love;*
Arbor Vitæ, I'll ever be the *same.*

Almond Tree, sincere shall be my *promise;*
Ash Tree, with *prudence* I'll yield thee good duty;
Almond Laurel, if I did not, O *perfidy*,
Alyssum Sweet, to thy *worth beyond beauty!*

Apricot blossom, banish thy every *doubt;*
Aloe, *grief* ne'er be thy patrimony;
Asclepias, O come and *cure my heartache;*
Linden, in the sweet bonds of *matrimony!*

FLOWERS.

They tell of a season when men were not;
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God.
When spirits singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,
And bless'd what he had made—
The bright, bright flowers!

BROOM...NEATNESS.

There's neatness in thy dress,
Neatness in house affairs;
Thy order, method, diligence,
Must lessen others' cares.

B

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Bachelor's Buttons	...Single blessedness
Balm	...Sympathy
Balm, Gentle ...	...Pleasantry
Balm of Gilead	...Cure, Relief
Balsam, Yellow	...Impatience
Balsam, Red ...	...Touch me not, Impatient resolves
Barberry	...Sourness of temper
Basil	...Hatred
Bayberry	...Instruction
Bay Leaf	...I change but in dying
Bay Tree	...Glory
Bay Wreath ...	...Reward of Merit
Bearded Crepis	...Protection
Beech	...Prosperity
Bee Orchis ...	...Industry
Bee Orphrys ...	...Error
Belladonna ...	...Silence

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Belvedere... ...	...I declare against you
Betony	...Surprise
Bilberry	...Treachery
Bindweed ...	...Insinuation
Bindweed, Small	...Humility
Birch	...Meekness
Birdsfoot, Trefoil	...Revenge
Bittersweet, Nightshade	...Truth
Black Mulberry Tree	I will not survive you
Black Poplar ...	...Courage
Black Thorn ...	...Difficulty
Bladder Nut Tree	...Frivolity, Amusement
Bluebell	...Constancy
Blue Bottle, *(Centaury)*	...Delicacy
Blue Periwinkle	...Early friendship
Bonus Henricus	...Goodness
Borage	...Bluntness
Box	...Stoicism
Bramble	...Envy, Remorse, Lowliness
Branch of Currants	You please all
Branch of Thorns	...Severity

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Bridal Rose ...	...Happy Love
Broom	...Humility, Neatness
Buckbean... ...	...Calm, Repose
Bud of White Rose	A heart ignorant of love
Bugloss	...Falsehood
Bulrush	...Docility, Humility, Indiscretion
Burdock	...Importunity, Touch me not
Buttercup, or King-cup	Ingratitude, Childishness
Butterfly Orchis	...Gaiety
Butterfly Weed	...Let me go

Bachelor's Buttons denote *Single Blessedness;* but not one person out of a hundred admires it. It is a doleful and melancholly state; for how can *(Balm) sympathy* exist, or *(Gentle Balm) pleasantry*, be realized, where there is only *one person* to make a family? It is only conjugal hands and tongues which can *(Balm of Gilead)* give *relief* and *cure* our aching hearts when in distress. How effectually they can console and aid us, and gently restrain our *(Yellow Balsam) impatience!*

The old maid *(Red Balsam)* vociferates, if a lover comes near, *Touch me not;* while the old

bachelor is full of *impatient resolves*, to detest and avoid all the fair sex. Both of them are full of (*Barberry*) *sourness of temper.*

Belvedere, old maids and bachelors, *I declare against you. Bee Orphrys*, you are in great *error*, to manifest so much *(Box) stoicism* towards the sweets of matrimony. Do not you show *(Betony) surprise*, when I declare you have *(Bud of White Rose) a heart ignorant of love.* You have never been smitten by a dear one—never been attracted, fascinated and conquered by *(Blue Bottle)* the *delicacy* of tender love. O ye frigid ones, receive *(Bayberry) instruction.* You richly deserve *(Branch of Thorns)* great *severity.* Repent of your *(Buttercup) childishness*, and *(Bulrush) indiscretion*, and yield to the *(Burdock) importunity* of the next lover that comes, with (*Small Bindweed*) *humility*, (*Birch*) *meekness*, (*Black Poplar*) *courage*, and (*Bittersweet*) *truth.* Then will you enter upon a state of (*Bridal Rose*) *happy love*, and then (*Branch of Currants*) *you please all.*

CANTERBURY BELL...ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Ah, must I tell thee? Well, I hope
The die is surely cast;
That I am thine, and only thine,
Beloved, to the last.

C

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Cabbage	...Gain, Profit
Cacalia	...Adulation
Cactus	...Warmth
Calla, Ethiopian	...Magnificent beauty
Calycanthus ...	...Benevolence
Camomile	...Courage in Adversity
Camelia Japonica	...Unpretending excellence, Piety
Canary grass ...	...Perseverance
Candy Tuft ...	...Indifference
Canterbury Bell	...Constancy, Acknowledgment
Cape Jasmine ...	...I'm too happy
Cardamine ...	...Paternal error
Cardinal Flower	Distinction
Carnation, Striped	...Refusal
Carnation, Yellow	...Disdain

Flowers	*Meanings.*
Carnation, Deep Red	My heart is smitten, or aches for thee
Carolina Rose ...	...Love is dangerous
Catchfly, Silene	...Deceit, Pretended love
Catchfly, Red ...	...Youthful love
Catchfly, White	...Betrayed
Cedar of Lebanon	...Incorruptible
Cedar Tree, *(Fennel)*	Strength
Cedar Leaf ...	...I live for thee
Celandine, Lesser	...Joys to come
Centaury	...Delicacy, Felicity
Champignon ...	...Suspicion
Chequered Fritillary	Persecution
Cherry Tree Blossom	...Spiritual Beauty
Cherry Tree Cornelian	...Durability
Cherry Tree, White	Education
Chestnut Tree...	...Do me justice
Chickweed ...	...Rendezvous
Chicory	...Frugality
China Aster ...	...Variety
China Aster, Double	I partake your sentiments

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
China Aster, Single	I will think of it
China or Indian Pink	Aversion
China, or Monthly Rose	...Beauty ever new
Christmas Rose	...Relieve my anxiety
Chrysanthemum	...Cheerfulness under misfortune
Chrysanthemum, Red	...I love
Chrysanthemum, White	...Truth
Chrysanthemum, Yellow	...Slighted love
Cinquefoil ...	...Maternal affection
Cistus, or Rock Rose	Security, Popular Favour
Cistus Gum ...	...I shall die to-morrow
Citron	...Beauty with ill-humour
Clematis	...Mental beauty
Clematis, Evergreen	Poverty
Clove Tree ...	...Dignity
Clover, Red ...	...Industry
Clover, Four-leaved	Be mine
Clover, White ...	...Think of me

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Cobœa	Gossip
Cock's Comb, Amaranth	Singularity, Foppery Affectation
Coltsfoot	Justice shall be done
Columbine	Folly
Columbine, Purple	Resolved to win
Columbine, Red ...	Anxious, Fearful
Convolvulus	Bonds, Uncertainty
Convolvulus, Major	Extinguished hope
Convolvulus, Minor	Repose, Night
Corchorus	Impatient of absence
Coreopsis	Always cheerful
Coreopsis, Arkansa	Love at first sight
Coriander...	Hidden merit
Corn	Riches
Corn, Broken	Quarrel
Corn Straw	Agreement
Corn Bottle	Delicacy
Corn Cockle, *(Rose Campion)*	Gentility
Cornel Tree	Duration
Coronella	Success crown your wishes
Cowslip	Pensiveness, Attractive grace

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Cowslip, American	...Divine beauty
Crab Blossom ...	...Ill nature
Cranberry ...	...Cure for heartache
Cranes Bill ...	...Envy
Creeping Cereus	...Modest Genius
Cresses	...Stability, power
Crocus	...Smiles, Cheerfulness
Crocus, Spring	...Youthful joy
Crocus, Saffron	...Mirth
Crow Foot ...	...Complaisance
Crown Imperial	...Majesty, Power
Cuckoo Flower	...Paternal error
Cuckoo Pint ...	...Ardour
Currants, Bunch of Red	...You please all
Currant, Black	...Thy frown will kill me
Cuscuta	...Meanness
Cushew Nut ...	...Perfume
Cyclamen	...Diffidence
Cypress	...Despair, Mourning, Death

I speak of flowers which represent,
Habits and vices sad to see;
And other flowers which symbolize
Opposite feelings I have for thee.

FLOWERS, SPEAK YE FOR ME!

Candy Tuft, indifference; my heart's not cold
for thee;
Carnation striped, refusal—ah! I love too well!
Carnation yellow, I ne'er will show *disdain;*
Carnation red, my heart is smitten by thy spell.

Catchfly Silene, I'll never show *deceit,*
But always thee with true love treat;
Chestnut Tree, O *do me justice,* love,
Chrysanthemum Yellow, I will not *slight* thy
love.

Christmas Rose, relieve my anxiety—trust in me;
Champignon, let no *suspicion* be indulged by
thee;
Cedar Leaf, I live for thee, for thee alone;
White Clover, think of me ever, dearest one.

Lesser Celandine, there are *joys to come,*
When we shall dwell in one sweet home;
Monthly Rose, thy *Beauty* will be *ever new;*
Chrysanthemum White, may each to each prove
true.

DAFFODIL YELLOW...REGARD.

O thou art precious unto me,
Amid life's bitter sorrows;
However dark may be my night,
Solace from thee I borrow.
I love thee! and will still love on
While this frail life shall last;
A love responsive to my own,
I trust, dear love, thou hast. Gu.

D

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Daffodil	...Chivalry
Daffodil, Yellow	...Regard

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Dahlia	...Instability
Daisy	...Innocence, Beauty
Daisy, Garden...	...Participation
Daisy, Michælmas	...Cheerfulness, Farewell
Daisy, Ox-eye ...	...A Token
Daisy, Variegated	...Beauty
Damask Rose ...	...Beautiful Complexion
Dandelion... ...	...Love's Oracle
Daphne Odora	...Painting the Lily
Darnel; or, Rye Grass	...Vice
Day Lily	...Coquetry
Dead Leaves ...	...Sadness
Dew Plant ...	...Serenade
Diosma	...Inutility
Dittany	...Birth
Dittany, White	...Passion
Dock	...Patience
Dodder of Thyme	...Baseness, Meanness
Dog's Bane ...	...Deceiving
Dogwood	...Durability
Dogwood Blossom	...Am I perfectly indifferent to you
Dragon Plant ...	...Snare

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Dragon Wort, *(Snakesfoot)*...	...Horror
Dried Flax ...	...Usefulness

FLORAL LOVE LETTER.

Dearest,

Your *Variegated Daisy* has given *Dittany* to my *White Dittany*, which knows nothing of *Dodder of Thyme*, or the *Acanthus* of *Dog's Bane*. O I hope you will *Daffodil* me with the same *White Dittany*, that I may not pass my time in *Dead Leaves*, and *Dragon Wort*. Give me a *Garden Daisy* in, and an *Ox-eye Daisy* of your affection. Then shall I pass my time with *Michælmas Daisy*. Therefore, dearest, *Christmas Rose.*——*Michælmas Daisy.*

(The above translated.)

Dearest,

Your *beauty* has given *birth* to my *passion* for you, which knows nothing of *meanness*, or the art of *deceiving*. O *regard* me with the same *passion*, that I may not pass my time in *sadness* and *horror*. Give me a *participation* in and a *token* of your affection. Then shall I pass my time with *cheerfulness*. Therefore, dearest, *relieve my anxiety*. *Farewell.*

EGLANTINE (SWEET BRIAR)...POETRY, I WOUND TO HEAL.

O favourite plant, thy fragrant breath
Delighteth all mankind;
However sweet are other flowers,
As sweet in thee we find.

E

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Ebony	Blackness
Eglantine, (*Sweet Briar*)	Poetry, I wound to heal
Elder...	Compassion, Zeal
Elm	Dignity
Enchanter's Night-shade	Fascination, Witchcraft
Endive	Frugality
Eupatorium	Delay
Ever-flowering Candytuft	Indifference
Evergreen Clematis	Poverty
Evergreen Thorn ...	Solace in Adversity
Everlasting; or Cud Weed	Never ceasing remembrance
Everlasting Pea ...	Lasting pleasure

TO THE ONE WHOM I LOVE.

Beloved,

Believe me when I declare that your unavoidable *Evergreen Clematis* will never produce in my mind *Ever-flowering Candy Tuft.* It would be beneath the *Elm* of a man. I would rather give you an *Ever-green Thorn.* Do not doubt that in my mind you have a *Cudweed.* I have fallen beneath your *Enchanter's Nightshade*, and love you sincerely, Therefore have *Elder* upon me, without *Eupatorium.* May the time soon come when we shall enjoy, unitedly, *Everlasting Pea*, never to be disturbed by the *Ebony* of Adversity.

[*Translation.*]

Beloved,

Believe me when I declare that your unavoidable *Poverty* will never produce in my mind *Indifference.* It would be beneath the *Dignity* of a man. I would rather give you *Solace in Adversity.* Do not doubt that in my mind you have a *never ceasing Remembrance.* I have fallen beneath your *Fascination*, and love you sincerely; therefore have *Compassion* upon me, without *Delay.* May the time soon come when we shall enjoy, unitedly, *Lasting Pleasure*, never to be disturbed by the *Blackness* or *Darkness* of Adversity.

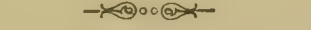
FORGET-ME-NOT.....TRUE LOVE.

You ask if I love you, while from you away—
Yes, I love you, I love you! What more can I say?
I long for the time to return to your cot!—
Go, tell it my lover, sweet *Forget-me-not.*

F

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Fair Maid of France	Lustre
Fennel	Worthy of all praise. Force, Strength
Fern	Sincerity
Fern, flowering	Fascination
Fever-root ...	Delay
Ficoides, Ice Plant	Your looks freeze me
Fig	Argument
Fig Tree	Prolific
Filbert	Reconciliation
Fir Tree	Elevation
Flax	Domestic industry. I feel your kindness. Fate
Flax-leaved Golden-locks	Tardiness
Fleur-de-Lis ...	Flame, I burn

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Flower of an hour	...Delicate beauty
Flowering Reed	...Confidence in Heaven
Fly Orchis ...	...Error
Fly-trap	...Deceit
Fool's Parsley ...	...Silliness
Forget-me-not	...Forget me not, True love
Fox Glove ...	...Insincerity
Frankincense ...	...Incense of a faithful heart
French Honeysuckle	Rustic beauty
French Marygold	...Jealousy
French Willow	...Bravery and Humanity
Fullers Teazle...	...Importunity
Fumitory	...Spleen
Fuschia	...Taste



I SPEAK TO THY HEART BY FLOWERS.

Forget-me-not, for mine is *True Love;*
Fennel, for one *worthy of all my praise;*
Frankincense, O dear one, I will not fail
The *incense of a faithful heart* to raise.

Flowering Fern, I've felt thy *fascination*;
Fleur-de-lis, *I burn* for thee with ardent *fli me*;
Fullers' Teazle, excuse my *importunity*;
Fever-Root, make no *delay*, but change thy name.

Flowering Reed, I have *confidence in Heaven*,
To crown our union with his Sacred smile;
Forget-me-not, *Bell-flower*; for *Constancy*
Is ever mine: I never will beguile.

DESIDERATUM.

BEAUTIFUL QUALITIES OF A LOVER.

Mint, Crocus, Dock, Orange Tree, Osier, Red Mulberry, Mountain Ash, Broom, Mallow, White Violet, White Jasmine, Sweet Violet, Venetian Sumach, Sage, Rose, Rush, Myrtle, Orange Blossoms, Blue Bell, Kennedia, White Lily, Valerian, Wall Flower, Milk Vetch, Sweet Alyssum.

GERANIUM ROSE...PREFERENCE.

Others may wear a gayer smile,
And speak in richer tones;
But ah! my heart, my heart, the while,
Each spell, save thine, disowns!

G

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Geranium...	...Gentility
Geranium, Apple	...Present Preference
Geranium, Crane's Bill	...Envy
Geranium, Dark	...Melancholy
Geranium, Ivy	...Bridal Love
Geranium, Lemon	...Sudden Meeting
Geranium, Nutmeg	Expected Meeting
Geranium, Oak-leaf	Real Friendship
Geranium, Pink	...I prefer you
Geranium Rose	...Preference
Geranium, Scarlet	...Comforting
Geranium, Silver leaf	Recall
Geranium, Variegated...	...Ingenuity
Geranium, Wild	...Unwavering Piety
Germander. *(Speedwell)*	...Facility

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Gilly-flower ...	...Beauty unfading. Bonds of Affection
Glory Flower ...	...Unequalled Beauty
Goat's Rue ...	...Reason
Golden Rod ...	...Precaution, Encouragement
Gooseberry ...	...Anticipation
Goosefoot... ...	...Goodness
Gorse...	...Anger
Gourd	...Extent, Bulk
Grape, Wild ...	...Rural felicity, Charity
Grass	...Utility, Submission
Guelder Rose ...	...Winter of Age

GERANIUM, SILVER-LEAVED...RECALL.

Dear love, come back; the past shall be
By me forgotten quite;
Return, and in my welcome see
Thou art my heart's delight.

I tried in vain to bid my heart
Forget its early dream;
But ah! the dream would not depart,
For thou wert still its theme.

HYACINTH, BLUE...CONSTANCY.

HYACINTH.

Thou charming spring flow'r,
I love thee right well,
In the early spring,
In my house to dwell.

Constancy is mine—
Go tell my true love,
My heart is attached—
Can never remove.

Thou symbol of truth,
That dwells in my heart,
Go tell my lov'd one,
We never will part.

H

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Harebell; or, Blue Bell	Retirement, Lovely as this flower, Resignation
Hawkweed ...	...Quick-sightedness
Hawthorn... ...	...Hope
Hazel	...Reconciliation

Flowers	*Meanings.*
Heart's Ease; or, Pansy	You occupy my thoughts
Heart's Ease, Wild	...Live in Idleness
Heath	...Solitude
Helenium	...Tears
Heliotrope ...	...Devoted in Affection
Heliotrope, Peruvian	Intoxicated with pleasure
Hellebore	...Female Inconstancy, Scandal
Hemlock	...You will cause my death
Hemp	...Fate
Henbane	...Imperfection
Hepatica; or, Liverwort	...Confidence
Hibiscus	...Delicate Beauty
Holly	...Foresight
Holly Herb ...	...Enchantment
Hollyhock ...	...Ambition
Hollyhock, White	...Female ambition
Honesty, *(Lunaria)*	Honesty, Fascination
Honey Flower ...	...Love, sweet and secret
Honeysuckle ...	...Devoted affection
Honeysuckle, Wild	Inconstant Love

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Honeysuckle, French	Rustic Beauty
Hop	...Injustice
Horehound ...	...Fire
Hornbeam Tree	...Ornament
Horse Chestnut	...Luxury
Hortensia ...	...You are cold
House Leek ...	...Vivacity
Houstonia ...	...Content
Humble Plant ...	...Despondency
Hundred-leaved Rose	...Mental Dignity
Hyacinth	...Enchantment, Sport
Hyacinth, White	...Unobtrusive Loveliness
Hyacinth, Blue	...Constancy
Hyacinth, Purple	...Adversity, Sorrow
Hydrangea ...	...Presumption, A Boaster
Hyssop	...Cleanliness

HEART'S-EASE.

You occupy my thoughts. Such is thy utterance, beautiful *Pansy*, attractive *Heart's Ease*—beautiful,

like the One I love; attractive, like the mind and person of the most valuable object to me on earth. Yes, you occupy my thoughts, and ever will. *Forget-me-not;* mine is *true love.* I am the subject of your (*Hyacinth*) *enchantment.* I am *Houstonia.*

Many things *occupy my thoughts*, and imperatively demand my devoted attention. Many persons of great personal beauty and attractive manners, and worldly substance, pass before me; but they attract me not. Thou art my all in all—the fairest—my heart's treasure—my *Hawthorn*, and to thee I am *Heliotrope*, and I am also *Peruvian Heliotrope.*

There is such a thing as *Helleborc;* but if such be my *Hemp*, then *Hemlock.* But in you I have *Hepatica*, and believe that for me you have *Honeysuckle.* This gives me *Holly-Herb* and *House-Leek.*

I have sweet thoughts of thee!
They come around me like the voice of song;
They come like birds that to the south belong,
And wear a gayer wing and brighter crest,
Than those that on the roof-tree build their nest;
They come more tender, beautiful, and bright,
Than any thoughts that others can excite;
They tell me gentle tales of thee and thine,
Of gems of truth that in thy spirit shine;
Of goodness, purity, and holy zeal,
That can for others earnest pity feel;
Of all things beautiful in soul and heart;
And *such* they tell me, dearest, that *thou* art!

IVY...FIDELITY.

The Ivy that clings to the wall,
Symbols my heart's love for thee;
The Ivy clings closely, so does my heart
To the *one* adored by me.

I

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Ice Plant	...Winter, Cold is your heart
Iceland Moss ...	...Health
Imperial Montague	Power
Indian or Sweet Scabious	...I have lost all
Indian Cress ...	...Resignation
Indian Pink ...	...Always lovely
Indian Plum ...	...Privation
Ipomœa	...Attachment
Iris	...Pleasant message for you
Iris, German ...	...Flame, Passion
Ivy	...Friendship, Fidelity, Faithful
Ivy, with Sprigs	...Assiduous to please

TO MY LOVELY FLOWER—SYMBOLIZED AND DEAREST LOVER.

O pretty plants beneath the sky,
I love to see you ere you die;
For you have language sweet and strong;—
Tint, fragrance, beauty, form your tongue;
I'll write your sentiments just now;
And them I will my lover show.

Strong is my *Ipomœa* for thee, O thou who art always in my estimation *Indian Pink*. My *Ipomœa* amounts to a *German Iris*, and is characterized by *Ivy*, and it shall be my ambition to be *Ivy with sprigs*. O let me never have to say *Ice Plant*, or *Indian Scabious*. It would be a dreadful *Indian Plum*, and would destroy my *Iceland Moss*. But I will rely upon your *Ivy*, and I hope soon to have *Iris*, to send you, even *American Linden*. Therefore, *Hawthorn*, and remember *Bay Leaf*.

JASMINE, WHITE...AMIABILITY.

Thine is that excelling virtue,
The pure-hearted only know;
Thine that unassuming goodness
Which in silent deeds doth flow.

J

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Japan Rose ...	...Beauty is your only attraction
Jasmine, Indian	...I attach myself to you
Jasmine, Cape...	...Transport of joy
Jasmine, Spanish	...Sensuality
Jasmine, White	...Amiableness
Jasmine, Yellow	...Grace and elegance
Jonquil, White	...Desire for return of affection
Juniper	...Succour and Protection
Justicia	...The perfection of female loveliness

A LESSON.

TO BE REGARDED BY ALL LOVERS.

It is a sad thing when we are compelled to think of any one *Japan Rose*. Beauty of the person will,

with the advance of time, pass away. Personal beauty is a fading flower. A well-informed mind, the love of learning, a taste for *Eglantine*, a sweet disposition, and an even temper, these constitute true *White Jasmine*, and never fail to add *Yellow Jasmine* to the character. Indeed they, with personal beauty, form the *Justicia*, and will soon make a gentleman wish to declare *Indian Jasmine*, which might, in many cases, produce *Cape Jasmine*. The same remarks strictly apply to both sexes.

The mind's the man,
Improve it well;
To Beauty's face,
It gives the spell!
O lovely man,
With temper sweet,
Like lovely pink,
Just near your feet!
O lovely maid,
The graces love;
Grow greatly wise,
Meek as the dove;
Then all mankind will well agree,
You are the loveliest that we see.

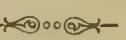
KING-CUP...I WISH I WAS RICH.

Oh had I wealth, I'd lay it all
With pride and pleasure at thy feet;
And thou should'st shine in home and hall,
The fairest that the eye could meet.

K

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Kennedia	...Beauty of Mind
King Cup... ...	...Riches desired

Oh, beautiful indeed, a mind like thine,
And well might angels bow at such a shrine;
But man, weak man, oft passes idly by,
To worship beauty that attracts the eye;
While mental grace, a charm that ne'er can fade,
Flies from the crowd, and dwells amid the shade.



FORGET ME NOT.

How oft I've passed this flower unheeded by,
Its lovely tints ne'er met my wandering eye;
Unlike the rose, it boasts no gay array,
Yet it will tell thee all I wish to say.

And whilst we're parted by hard fate's decree,
I'll send this flower a messenger to thee,
It cannot tell thee what will be thy lot,
But it will whisper thee, Forget me not.

LILY, WHITE....PURITY.

Ask me not why I should love her;
Look upon those soul-full eyes!
Look while mirth or feeling move her,
And see there how sweetly rise
Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast,
Which is of innocence the nest—
Which, though each joy were from it fled,
By truth would still be tenanted!

L

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Laburnum ...	...Forsaken, Pensive beauty
Lady's Slipper...	...Fickleness, Capricious
Lantana	...Rigour, Beauty
Larch	...Boldness, Audacity
Larkspur	...Levity, Lightness
Larkspur, Double	...Haughtiness
Laurel, Mountain	...Ambition, Glory
Laurel, Common	...Perfidy
Laurel, Ground	...Perseverance
Laurustinus ...	...A token. I die if neglected
Lavender	...Distrust, Assiduity
Leaves, Dead ...	...Sadness
Lemon	...Zest

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Lemon Blossom	...Fidelity in love
Lettuce	...Cold-heartedness
Lichen	...Dejection, Solitude
Lilac, Field ...	...Humility
Lilac, White ...	...Youthful Modesty
Lilac, Purple ...	...First emotions of love
Lily of the Valley	...Return of happiness
Lily, White ...	...Purity, Sweetness
Lily, Yellow ...	...Playful gaiety
Lily, Imperial...	...Majesty
Linden or Lime Tree	Conjugal love
Lint	...I feel deeply obligated
Liquorice, Wild	...I declare against you
Liverwort ...	...Confidence
Lobelia	...Malevolence
Locust Tree ...	...Elegance
Locust Plant ...	...Affection beyond the grave
London Pride ...	...Amusement Frivolity
Lotus	...Eloquence
Lotus flower ...	...Estrangement
Lotus-leaf ...	...Recantation
Love-lies-bleeding	Desertion
Love in a mist...	...Embarrassment
Lucern	...Life

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Lupine	...Imagination, Voraciousness
Lychnis	...Religious Enthusiasm
Lythrum	...Pretension

AN AFFECTING STATEMENT.

Alas! I am *Laburnum!* When I first realized the *Purple Lilac*, I reposed the greatest *Liverwort* in thee. But I soon saw by thy *Larkspur* and *Lady's Slipper*, that there was *Lotus Flower* of heart, and *Lettuce*. O false one, thou hast cruelly produced in my heart, *Lavender*, *Lichen*, and *Dead Leaves*. Yes, this cruel *Love-lies-bleeding* embitters my *Lucerne*. O cruel one, *Wild Liquorice*, on account of your *Common Laurel*.

Oh, turn away those rigid eyes
My heart hath frozen 'neath their spell;
Such looks are not the meet replies
To one who loveth thee so well.

One smile—ah, one frank tender smile
Were than a thousand gems more dear,
If it but told my heart the while,
That I had power thy thoughts to cheer.

MOSS-ROSE-BUD...CONFESSION OF LOVE.

I have seen thee! I have seen thee!
And O what shall I say?
Thou hast conquer'd! Thou hast conquer'd!
And my heart borne away.

I thought I was invincible
To the boy Cupid's dart;—
I am captive! I am captive!
He has smitten my heart.

Moss-Rose-bud, I'm forc'd to declare
How sweet one is to me;
And that I ne'er shall be happy
Till in wedlock I be.

M

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Madwort	...Tranquillity
Madder	...Calumny
Magnolia	...Love of nature
Magnolia, Laurel-leaved	...Exalted
Magnolia, Swamp	...Perseverance
Maiden Hair ...	...Secrecy
Maid Wort ...	...Celibacy
Mallow	...Live for me
Mallow, Marsh	...Beneficence. Sweet Disposition
Mallow, Syrian	...Consumed by love
Mallow, Venetian	...Delicate Beauty
Manchineal Tree	...Falsehood, Duplicity
Mandrake ...	...Rarity, Horror
Maple	...Reserve
Marjoram ...	...Blushes
Marvel of Peru	...Timidity
Marygold	...Chagrin, Pain, Grief
Marygold, African	...Vulgar minded
Marygold, Garden	...Uneasiness
Marygold, French	...Jealousy
May Rose... ...	...Precocity
Meadow Lychnis	...Wit

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Meadow Saffron	...My best days are past
Meadow Sweet	...Uselessness
Mesembryanthemum	Idleness
Mezereon	...I desire to please
Michælmas Daisy	...Afterthought, Farewell
Mignonette ...	...Your qualities surpass your beauty
Milk Vetch ...	...Your presence softens my pain
Milfoil	...War
Mimosa *(Sensitive Plant)*	...Sensitiveness
Mint	...Virtue
Mistletoe	...Difficulties surmounted
Mock Orange ...	...Counterfeit
Monk's Hood ...	...Knight Errantry, Chivalry
Moonwort... ...	...Forgetfulness
Morning Glory	...Affectation
Moschatel... ...	...Weakness
Moss...	...Maternal love
Mossy Saxifrage	...Maternal Affection
Mother Wort ...	...Concealed love

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Moving Plant ...	...Agitation
Mountain Ash ...	...Prudence
Mountain Laurel	...Great, Excellent
Mountain Pink	...Aspiring
Mouse-ear Chick-weed	...Ingenious simplicity
Mouse-ear, Scorpion Grass	...Remembrance
Mulberry Tree	...Wisdom
Mulberry Tree, Black	...I shall not survive you
Mullein, White	...Good-nature
Mushroom ...	...Suspicion
Mug Wort ...	...Happiness
Musk Plant ...	...Weakness
Musk Rose ...	...Capricious beauty
Mustard Seed ...	...Want of Affection
Myrtle	...Love
Myrrh	...Gladness

A FLORAL DECLARATION.

My Dearest,

Allow me to address you without *Maple*, though in your presence I should have *Marvel of*

Peru and *Marjoram*. Believe me when I say, I have no *Mustard Seed*, but great *Myrtle*, and your reciprocation would produce great *Myrrh*, and *Mugwort* in me. I greatly admire your *Mulberry Tree*, *White Mullein* and *Marsh Mallow*. *Mignonette*. *Milk Vetch*. I therefore *Mezereon* you. Sometimes I have much *Mimosa*, and *Garden Marygold*, and even *Mushroom*, lest you should not *Mallow*. O treat me not with *Moonwort* and *Mustard Seed;* for I am almost *Syrian Mallow*. Dearest one, excuse my *Meschatel*.

A WISH.

May angels guard thee, lovely maiden,
And from dangers keep thee free;
With richest blessings be thou laden,
Bestow'd by heavenly love on thee.

May thy life be paths of roses
Yielding fragrance and delight;
And when at last thy dear life closes,
Mayst thou wake to heavenly light.

A TOAST.

May he who would plant a Thorn in the bosom of Innocence, die in a bed of Nettles!

NASTURTIUM....PATRIOTISM.

Be thou the symbol of the love
I bear my native land!
There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free,
The home, the port of liberty;
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be
Till time is o'er.

N

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Narcissus... ...	...Self-esteem, Egotism
Nasturtium ...	...Patriotism
Nasturtium, Scarlet	Splendour
Nettle	...Slander
Nettle, Stinging	...Cruelty
Nettle Tree ...	...Concert
Night-blooming Cereous	Transient Beauty
Night Convolvulus	...Night
Night Shade ...	...Dark thoughts, Sorcery

A WISH

FOR ONE WHOM I KNOW.

May He who blessed Jacob, and his people Israel, bless thee also, and guide thee safely through the desert of life to the promised land.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers!

May the glory of Him who appeared in the bush shine about thee. May he who fed the five thousand never permit thee to want. May He who healed the sick, and comforted the distressed, preserve thee in health, and ever be thy consolation. May He who suffered and died on the ignominious cross be thy atoning Saviour, and ransoming Redeemer, and may his resurrection be the pledge of thy final resuscitation to a better life. In all the social relations of life, in the domestic circle, in thy private retreats, and in his holy temple, the Lord be with thee, and be the portion of thy soul. Beloved, when thou art nearing the extremity of life, destined to put off the earthly tabernacle, may thy Saviour be precious, and help thee to die comfortably and triumphantly. *Amaranth!* May a life of immortality then burst upon thee, and He who sits upon the great white throne point out thy station of bliss and grandeur, saying—

"*Come up Hither.*"

May I meet thee there to enjoy a blessed and everlasting companionship, in the presence of God and the Lamb.

We then shall hold communion
In Amaranthine bowers!

Fare-thee-well.

ORANGE FLOWERS...CHASTITY.

O may sweet Orange Blossoms be
Symbol of maiden Chastity ;—
Then shall she at the altar find,
A husband dear, and peace of mind.

O

Flowers	*Meanings.*
Oak	...Hospitality
Oak Leaf	...Courageous, Daring
Oak, White ...	...Independence
Oats	...Harmony
Oleander	...Beware
Olive Branch ...	...Peace
Orange-blossom	...Your purity equals your loveliness
Orange Flowers	...Chastity, Bridal Festivity
Orange Tree ...	...Generosity.
Orchis	...A belle, A beauty
Oriental Persicaria...	Restoration
Osier...	...Frankness
Osmunda	...Dreams
Ox-eye	...Patience

A TOAST.

Sincerity before Marriage, and Fidelity afterwards.

MAN NOT DESIGNED TO LIVE ALONE.

Let the torpid monk seek Heaven comfortless and alone. God speed him! For my own part, I fear I should never so find the way. Let me be wise and religious,—but let me be a man. Wherever thy providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to get to thee,—give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark —How our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down!—to whom I may say, How fresh is the face of nature! How sweet the flower of the field! How delicious are these fruits! STERNE.

When Adam was first in Eden plac'd,
And with his Maker's image graced,
How solitary did he feel!
He had no one his heart to heal!

The birds did mate, and sang their song,
As they on fragrant trees did throng;
This seemed the burden of their tone;—
"Man was not made to be alone!"

It is so now; how wretched life,
When not consorted with a wife;
A lonely state, do not bemoan—
"Man was not made to be alone!"

POPPY...CONSOLATION.

I look on thee, bright flower,
The symbol of what I need;
May I have consolation,
From affliction dark be freed!

I look on thee, bright flower,
The symbol of what I feel,'
My lover is true unto me—
That is sure my heart to heal!

P

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Palm...	Victory
Pansy *(Heart's Ease)*	You occupy all my thoughts

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Parsley	...Feasting, Valuable knowledge
Pasque Flower, Anemone	...You have no claims
Passion Flower	...Superstitious Belief, Faith
Pea	...Respect
Pea, Everlasting	...Durable pleasure, share it with me
Peach	...Your charms are matchless
Peach Blossom	...I am your captive
Pear Tree... ...	...Affection
Penny Royal ...	...Flee away
Persicaria... ...	...Restoration
Peony	...Bashfulness, Shame
Peppermint ...	...Warmth of feeling
Periwinkle, Blue	...Pleasures of memory
Periwinkle, White	...Tender recollections
Periwinkle, Red	...Early Friendship
Persimon	...Bury me amid Nature's beauties
Pheasant's Eye	...Remembrance
Phlox	...Unanimity
Pigeon Berry ...	...Indifference

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Pimpernel ...	...Change, Assignation
Pine, Black ...	...Pity
Pine, Pitch ...	...Philosophy, Time
Pine, Spruce ...	...Hope in Adversity
Pine Apple ...	...Keep your promises, Perfection
Pink	...Pure love, Boldness
Pink, White ...	...Fair and Fascinating
Pink, Carnation	...Woman's love
Pink, Indian, Single	Pure love
Pink, Indian, Double	Always lovely
Pink, Mountain	...Aspiring
Pink, Red, Double	...Pure and ardent love
Pink, Variegated	...Refusal
Pink, Yellow ...	...Disdain
Plane Tree ...	...Genius
Plum Tree ...	...Fidelity, Perform your promise
Plum Tree, Wild	...Independence
Plum, Indian ...	...Privation
Polyanthus ...	...Pride of riches
Polyanthus, Crimson	The heart's mystery
Polyanthus, Lilac	...Worthy of confidence
Pomegranate ...	...Foolishness
Pomegranate Flower	Elegance

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Pompon Rose ...	...Genteel, Pretty
Poplar	...Courage
Poplar, White...	...Time
Poppy, Red ...	...Consolation
Poppy, Scarlet	...Fantastic. Extravagance
Poppy, White ...	...Sleep
Potato	...Benevolence
Prickly Pear ...	...Satire
Pride of China...	...Dissension
Primrose, Early	...Youth
Primrose, Red...	...Unpatronized merit
Primrose, Evening	...Inconstancy
Privet	...Prohibition, Mildness
Purple Clover ...	...Provident
Pyrus Japonica	...Fairies' fire
Pyramidal Bell Flower	...Gratitude

THE PASSION FLOWER.

The following interpretation of this justly celebrated and much admired flower, will not be found uninteresting. The leaves resemble the spear that

pierced our Saviour's side; the tendrils—the cords that bound his hands, or the whips that scourged him; the ten petals—the apostles, Judas having betrayed, and Peter deserted; the pillars in the centre—the cross or tree; the stamina—the hammer; the style—the nails; the inner circle around the centre pillar—the crown of thorns; the radiance—the glory; the white in the flower—the emblem of purity; and the blue—the type of heaven. On one species, the pasiflora altar, even drops of blood are seen upon the cross or tree. This flower continues three days open, and then disappears, thus denoting the resurrection.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

All beauteous flower! whose centre glows
With studs of gold; thence streaming flows
  Ray-like effulgence; next is seen
A rich expanse of varying hue,
Enfring'd with an empurpl'd blue,
  And streak'd with young Pomona's green.

High o'er the pointal deck'd with gold,
(Emblem mysterious to behold!)
  A radiant cross its form expands;
Its opening arms appear t' embrace
The all collective human race,
  Refuge of all men, in all lands.

QUAKING GRASS....AGITATION.

I saw an eye fixed on me,
I trembled then all over;
I saw him taken captive,
He's sure to be my lover:

He says he'll come to-morrow
To reveal something to me;
O I am so agitated,—
I shall blush his face to see.

Q

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Quaking Grass	...Agitation
Quamoclit... ...	...Busybody
Quince	...Temptation
Queen's Rocket	...Coquettish, Fashionable

SPRING SONG.

Through the melting snow press brightly up
The crocus and the violet-cup;
The wild birds build their nests and sing
Where forest groves are blossoming.

With the merry voice of music leap
The swollen rills from the mountain steep;

All earth doth with its spring-song thrill
My heart—my heart—O be not still.

This glorious spring-tide is to thee
An image of a spring to be—
When on the eternal blissful shore,
Whatever blooms shall fade no more.

THE COWSLIP.

Now, in my walk, with sweet surprise,
I see the first spring Cowslip rise,
The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
In sunshine and in showers.

Low on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens, purple, red, and blue,
Among the verdure crept;
Its yellow ringlets dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept.

Whose simple sweets with curious skill,
The frugal cottage dames distil,
Nor envy France the vine,—
While many a festal cup they fill
With Britain's homely wine.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ROSE, RED...BASHFUL LOVE.

O blushing red rose, favourite flower!
In thy beauty and fragrance, O what power!
Plac'd in thy centre, thou hast a rich store
Of fragrance so sweet, to please us still more.

Thou'rt the symbol of one whom I love more
Than the treasures of earth—a mighty store!
Shrinking and modest like thee, sweet Rose,
When the dear one does rich beauties disclose.

R

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Ragged Robin...	...Wit
Ranunculus ...	...I am dazzled by your charms

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Ranunculus, Garden	You are richly attractive
Ranunculus, Wild	Ingratitude
Raspberry	Remorse
Ray Grass	Vice
Red Bay	Love's memory
Red Catchfly	Youthful love
Red Double Pink	Youthful love
Reed, Common	Desirous to please
Reed, Split	Indiscretion
Reeds	Music
Rhododendron	Danger, Beware
Rhubarb	Advice
Rocket	Rivalry
Rose Bay, *(Rhododendron)*	Beware
Rose	Love
Rose, Multiflora, *(Bramble flowered China Rose)*	Beauty with dignity
Rose, Mundi	Uncertain
Rose, Musk Cluster	Charming
Rose, Red, *(Bud)*	Young and beautiful, and all to me
Rose, Red, *(Full)*	Beauty

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Rose, Thornless	...I live for thee. Happy Union
Rose, Unique ...	...Call me not beautiful
Rose, White, (*Bud*)	A heart ignorant of love
Rose, White, *(Full)*	I am worthy of you
Rose, *(Full blown, placed over two buds)*	Faithful to a secret entrusted
Rose, Austrian	...Thou art all that is lovely
Rose, Bridal ...	...Happy love. Matrimonial bliss
Rose, Burgundy	...Unconscious beauty
Rose, Cabbage...	...Ambassador of love
Rose, Campion	...Only deserve my love
Rose, Carolina	...Love is dangerous
Rose, China ...	...Beauty unfading
Rose, Guelder...	...Winter. Age
Rose, Christmas	...Calm my anxiety
Rose, Daily ...	...Thy smile I aspire to
Rose, Damask...	...Freshness
Rose, Deep Red	...Modesty
Rose, Dog ...	...Pleasure and pain
Rose, Hundred-leaved	Dignity of manner. Pride

Flowers	*Meanings.*
Rose, Japan ...	...Beauty is your sole attraction. Pity
Rose, Maiden Blush	If you love me you will show it.
Rose, Moss, (*Bud*)	...Confession of love
Rose, Moss, (*Full*)	...Superior merit
Rose, Musk ...	...Capricious beauty
Rose, Musk Cluster	Very charming
Rose, Single ...	...Sweet simplicity
Rose, Withered	...Infidelity, death
Rose, Yellow ...	...Decay of love. Jealousy
Rose, White and Red tied together	Conjugal union. Reciprocal love.
Roses, Crown composed of	You deserve honour, and the best wishes of my heart
Rosemary... ...	...Your presence ever revives me. Remembrance.
Rudbeckia ...	...Justice
Rue	...Disdain, scorn, despite
Rush...	...Docility
Rye Grass... ...	...Fickle. Whimsical

LOVE'S DECLARATION.

Do not I love thee, young *Rose-bud?*
Young and beautiful, I love thee,
And admire thee, *Rose Multiflora*,
For thou hast *beauty with dignity.*

O *Musk Cluster Rose*, and *Bay Rose*,
Of your *charming* beauty *beware*,
Rose Mundi, love is *uncertain*,
Dragon Plant, often bringeth a *snare.*

Burgundy Rose, unconscious beauty,
Which in thy face I always see,
May yet attract some other love;
Yellow Rose, excuse my *jealousy.*

Dog Rose, ah! my *pleasure* is mix'd with *pain;*
My heart from thee can ne'er remove;
Thornless Rose, I live for thee alone,
Moss-Rose-Bud, confess your Love. GU.

BRIDAL ROSE...HAPPY LOVE.

Happy the two whose hearts are one,—
Bound together by purest love;
They will have peace, and rest, and joy,
Akin to those in heaven above:
Such bliss shall grow, and never fail,
Whatever trials may assail. GU.

SNOWDROP...HOPE.

The *Snowdrop*, Winter's timid child,
Awakes to life, bedew'd with tears,
And flings around its fragrance mild;
And where no rival flowerets bloom
Amidst the bare and chilling gloom,
A beauteous gem appears.

S

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Saffron	...Excess is dangerous
Saffron Crocus	...Mirth
Sage	...Esteem, Domestic excellence
Sardony	...Irony
Satin Flower ...	...Purity of mind. Sincerity
Saxifrage, Mossy	...Close affection
Scabious	...Unfortunate attachment
Scabious, Sweet	...Widowhood
Scarlet Lychnis	...Brilliant eyes
Schinus	...Religious enthusiasm
Scotch Fir ...	...Elevation
Sea Lavender ...	...Dauntlessness
Sensitive Plant	...Sensitiveness
Shamrock ...	...Light-heartedness

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Small Cape Marygold	Presage
Snake's Tongue	...Slander
Snap Dragon ...	...Presumption
Snowball Tree...	...Bound
Snowdrop ...	...Hope. Joyful anticipation
Sorrel	...Parental affection
Sorrel, Wild ...	...Wit ill-timed
Sorrel, Wood ...	...Joy
Southern-wood	...Jest, Bantering
Spanish Jasmine	...Sensuality
Spearmint ...	...Warmth of sentiment
Speedwell... ...	...Female fidelity
Speedwell, Germander...	...Facility
Speedwell, Spiked	...Deceit. Semblance
Spider Ophrys...	...Adroitness
Spiderwort ...	...Esteem, but not love
Spiked Willow Herb	Pretension
St. John's Wort	...Superstition
Star of Bethlehem	...Guidance. Light on your path
Starwort	...Afterthought
Stinging Nettle	...Scandal
Stock	...Durable beauty

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Stonecrop ...	...Peace, Tranquillity
Stramonium ...	...Disguise
Straw, Whole ...	...Union
Straw, Broken...	...Rupture
Strawberry ...	...Perfection
Strawberry Tree	...Esteem and love
Sunflower, Dwarf	...Adoration
Sunflower, Tall	...Haughtiness
Swallow-wort ...	...Cure for heart-ache
Sweet Basil ...	...I wish you well
Sweet Briar ...	...I wound, but love you
Sweet Briar, Yellow	Love in decay
Sweet Flag ...	...Fitness
Sweet Pea ...	...Delicate pleasure, Departure
Sweet Sultan ...	...Felicity
Sweet William	...Gallantry
Sycamore... ...	...Curiosity
Syringa	...Memory
Syringa, Carolina	...Disappointment

May the bud of affection be ripened by the sunshine of sincerity!

TULIP, RED...DECLARATION OF LOVE.

Tulip, or *Two Lips*, O which love I best?
The latter's much sweeter, it must be confest!
The *Tulip* is grand and gay to the eye,
But *Two lips*, when prest, will electrify!

Beautiful flower,
Thou Tulip gay,
Cloth'd in beauty—
In grand array.—

My heart is smit
With love so strong
I must *declare*,
But have no tongue.

Come to my aid,
Thou Tulip Red,
Go, and declare
My love instead.

O say to one
I love sincere,
I cannot change
That one's so dear!

T

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Tamarisk	...Crime
Tansy	...Resistance
Teazel	...Misanthropy

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Tendrils of Climbing Plants	Love bonds. Affection's ties
Ten Weeks' Stock	...Promptitude
Thistle	...Austerity
Thistle, Scotch	...Retaliation
Thorn Apple ...	...Deceitful charms
Thorns, Bunch of	...Severity
Thrift	...Mutual sensibility. Sympathy
Throat Wort ...	...Neglected beauty
Thyme	...Activity
Tiger Flower ...	...May chastened pride befriend me
Toothwort ...	...Secret love
Traveller's Joy	...Safety
Trefoil	...Unity
Truffle	...Surprise
Trumpet Flower	...Fame
Tuberose	...Voluptuousness
Tulip, Red ...	...Declaration of love
Tulip Tree ...	...Fame
Tulip, Variegated	...Beautiful eyes
Tulip, Yellow ...	...Hopeless love
Turnip	...Charity

TULIP, RED...DECLARATION OF LOVE.

There's something in my heart, my flower,
That will not let me rest;—
Dost thou possess a charm, my flower,
To make the mourner blest?

O yes, I know thy ailing well,—
Can cure thy irritation:—
Detach me now, and send me forth
With love's sweet declaration.

Gu.

TULIP, YELLOW...HOPELESS LOVE.

Why didst thou raise such hope in me?
Why didst thou a flatterer be?
Raising false hopes within my heart—
Ah! now I feel the cruel smart!

O I have lov'd thee,—lov'd too well;
Let now my alter'd features tell:
Hopeless love! O deathly feeling!
What anguish o'er my heart is stealing!

Words were too weak, thou saidst, to prove
How deep and lasting was thy love;
'Twas falsehood all! thou cruel one,
By thy base love I am undone

Gu.

VIOLET...MODESTY

Sweet lowly plant! once more I bend
To hail thy presence here,
Like a most dear returning friend
From absence doubly dear.

Wert thou for ever in our sight,
Might we not love thee less?
But *now* thou bringest new delight,—
Thou *still* hast power to bless.

V

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Valerian	...Accommodating disposition
Venus Car ...	...Fly with me
Venus' Looking Glass	...Flattery

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Venus, Fly Trap	...Artifice, Deceit
Verbena	...Sensibility
Vernal Grass ...	...Poor, but happy
Veronica... ...	...Fidelity
Vervain	...Irresistible influence
Vetch	...Shyness
Vine	...Intoxication
Violet, Blue ...	...Faithfulness, Love
Violet, White ...	...Candour, Innocence, Modesty
Violet, Purple...	...Constantly in my mind
Violet, Wild ...	...Love in idleness
Virgin's Bower	...Filial love
Virginian Spiderwort	Momentary Bliss

THE ACANTHUS.

Proud regal plant! thy leaves were wont to twine
The crown and wreathed majesty of kings,
And round Corinthian colonades combine
Their deep-jagg'd foliage in symmetric rings:
In palace, arch of triumph, hall of mirth,—
Thou once hast had a far diviner place,
Though in derision and in mockery set!
It was when HE, the taunted Nazarene,
Amidst rude bands of cruel men was seen
Crown'd with thy chaplet—when his cheek was wet
Still with the tears he shed on Olivet,—
God in his soul, though man of lowly mien!

WALLFLOWER...FIDELITY IN ADVERSITY.

An emblem true thou art
Of love's enduring lustre, given
To cheer a lonely heart:
The emblem of a friend
Who in trouble will abide,
All needful help to lend.

W

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Walnut	...Stratagem, Intellect
Wallflower ...	...Fidelity in misfortune
Water Lily ...	...Purity of heart
Water Melon ...	...Bulkiness
Water Willow...	...Freedom
Wax Plant ...	...Susceptibility
Weeping Willow	...Gloomy, Mourning
Wheat	...Fortunate, Riches
Whin...	...Anger
Whortleberry ...	...Treason
Willow, Creeping	...Love Forsaken
Willow Herb ...	...Pretension
Willow, French	...Bravery and Humanity
Winter Cherry...	...Deception
Witch Hazel ...	...Spell bound
Woodbine ...	...Fraternal Love

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Wood Sorrel ...	...Joy
Wormwood ...	...Absence

XANTHIUM...RUDENESS.

Behave yourself before folks,
Be cautious what you say;
For if you act unseemly,
Ill-breeding you display.

X

Flowers.	*Meanings.*
Xanthium ...	...Rudeness
Xeranthemum...	...Cheerful amid troubles

Y

YEW...SORROW.

Yew, thou art the symbol of ill
Now pervading the earth!
Whenever I sit in thy shade,
Sad thoughts restrain all mirth!

O thou awfully looking tree,
They plant thee near the grave;
That awful place where all must lie,
'Tis there thy branches wave.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

PART SECOND.

SENTIMENTS AND FLOWERS.

A

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
A belle, a beauty	...Orchis
A boaster	...Hydrangea
Absence	...Wormwood
Accommodating Disposition ...	...Valerian
Acknowledgment	...Canterbury Bell
Activity	...Thyme
Admiration ...	...Amethyst
Adoration ...	...Dwarf Sunflower
Adroitness ...	...Spider Ophrys
Adulation ...	...Cacalia
Adversity ...	...Purple Hyacinth
Advice	...Rhubarb
Affectation ...	...Morning Glory
Affectation ...	...Cock's Comb
Affection	...Pear
Affection beyond the grave	...Locust Plant

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Affliction	...Aloe
Afterthought ...	...Starwort
Afterthought ...	...Michaelmas Daisy
Afterthought ...	...China Aster
Age	...Guelder Rose
Agitation	...Moving Plant
Agitation	...Quaking Grass
Agreement ...	...Corn Straw
A heart ignorant of love	...White Rose-bud
Always cheerful	...Coreopsis
Always lovely ...	...Indian Pink
Ambassador of love	Cabbage Rose
Ambition	...Hollyhock
Ambition	...Mountain Laurel
Amiability ...	...White Jasmine
Amusement ...	...Bladder Nut Tree
Amusement ...	...London Pride
Anger	...Whin
Anger	...Gorse
Anticipation ...	...Gooseberry
Anxious	...Red Columbine
Ardour	...Cuckoo Pint
Ardour	...Arum, or Wake Robin
Argument ...	...Fig

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Artifice, Deceit	...Venus' Fly Trap
Arts, the	...Acanthus
Aspiring	...Mountain Pink
Assiduous to please	Sprig of Ivy
A token	...Ox-eye Daisy
Attachment ...	...Ipomœa
Attractive grace	...Cowslip
Austerity	...Thistle
Avarice	...Scarlet Auricula
Aversion	...China, or Indian Pink

B

Baseness	...Dodder of Thyme
Bashful love ...	...Red Rose
Bashfulness, Shame	Peony
Beautiful eyes ...	...Variegated Tulip
Beautiful complexion or face	...Damask Rose
Beauty	...Red Rose
Beauty	...Variegated Daisy
Beauty is your only attraction ...	...Japanese Rose
Beauty ever new	...China, or Monthly Rose
Beauty of mind	...Kennedia

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Beauty unfading	...China Rose
Beauty with ill humour	...Citron
Beauty with Dignity	Rose, Multiflora, *(Bramble Flower'd China Rose)*
Be mine	...Four-leaved Clover
Beneficence ...	...Marshmallow
Benevolence ...	...Calycanthus
Benevolence ...	...Potato
Betrayed	...White Catchfly
Beware, Caution	...Bay Rose
Beware	...Oleander
Birth	...Dittany
Blackness ...	...Ebony
Bluntness... ...	...Borage
Blushes	...Marjoram
Boldness, Audacity	Larch
Bonds	...Convolvulus
Bonds of affection	...Gilly-flower
Bound	...Snowball Tree
Bravery and Humanity	...French Willow
Bridal affection	...Ivy
Bridal festivity	...Orange Blossoms

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Bridal love ...	...Geranium
Brilliant eyes ...	...Scarlet Lychnis
Bulkiness	...Water Melon
Bury me amid Nature's beauties	...Persimon
Busy-body ...	...Quamoclit

C

Call me not beautiful	Unique Rose
Calm my anxiety	...Christmas Rose
Calumny	...Madder
Candour, Innocence	White Violet
Capricious Beauty	...Musk Rose
Celibacy	...Maid Wort
Chagrin, Pain ...	...Marygold
Change, Assignation	Pimpernel
Charity	...Turnip
Charity	...Wild Grape
Charming ...	...Musk Cluster Rose
Chaste Love ...	...Acacia
Chastity	...Orange Flowers
Cheerful amid troubles	...Xeranthemum
Cheerfulness ...	...American Starwort
Cheerfulness ...	...Michaelmas Daisy

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Cheerfulness ...	...Daisy
Cheerfulness under misfortune, ...	...Chrysanthemum
Childishness ...	...Buttercup, or King-cup
Chivalry	...Monkshood
Cleanliness ...	...Hyssop
Close affection	...Mossy Saxifrage
Cold-heartedness	...Lettuce
Coldness	...Agnus Castus
Comforting ...	...Scarlet Geranium
Compassion ...	...Allspice
Compassion ...	...Elder
Complaisance ...	...Crow Foot
Concealed love	...Mother Wort
Concert	...Nettle Tree
Confession of love	...Moss Rose-bud
Confidence ...	...Hepatica, or Liver-wort
Confidence ...	...Liverwort
Conjugal love ...	...Linden, or Lime Tree
Conjugal union, Reciprocal love	White and Red Roses tied together.
Consolation ...	...Red Poppy
Constancy ...	...Bluebell

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Constancy	Canterbury Bell
Constancy	Blue Hyacinth
Constantly in my mind	Purple Violet
Consumed by love ...	Syrian Mallow
Content	Houstonia
Coquettish	Queen's Pocket
Coquetry	Day Lily
Counterfeit	Mock Orange
Courage	Poplar
Courage	Black Poplar
Courage in adversity	Camomile
Courageous, Daring	Oak Leaf
Crime	Tamarisk
Cruelty	Stinging Nettle
Cure	Balm of Gilead
Cure for heart-ache	Cranberry
Cure for heart-ache	Swallow wort
Curiosity	Sycamore

D

Danger, beware ...	Rhododendron
Dark thoughts, Secrecy	Night Shade

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Dauntlessness ...	...Sea Lavender
Death	...Cypress
Decay of love, jealousy	...Yellow Rose
Deceit	...Apocynum, *(Dog's Bane)*
Deceit	...Fly-Trap
Deceit	...Silene Catchfly
Deceitful Charms	...Thorn Apple
Deceiving ...	...Dog's Bane
Deception... ...	...Winter Cherry
Declaration of love	Red Tulip
Dejection	...Lichen
Delay	...Eupatorium
Delay	...Fever Root
Delicacy	...Blue Bottle
Delicacy	...Centaury
Delicacy	...Corn Bottle
Delicate beauty	...Flower of an hour
Delicate beauty	...Hibiscus
Delicate beauty	...Venetian Mallow
Delicate pleasure	...Sweet Pea
Desertion	...Love-lies-bleeding
Desire for reciprocal affection	...White Jonquil

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Desirous to please	Common Reed
Despair	Cypress
Despondency	Humble Plant
Devoted affection	Honeysuckle
Devoted in affection	Heliotrope
Difficulties surmounted	Mistletoe
Difficulty	Black Thorn
Diffidence	Cyclamen
Dignity	Clove Tree
Dignity	Elm
Disappointment	Carolina Syringa
Disdain	Yellow Carnation
Disdain	Yellow Pink
Disguise	Stramonium
Dissension	Pride of China
Distinction	Cardinal Flower
Distrust	Lavender
Divine Beauty	American Cowslip
Docility	Rush
Docility	Bulrush
Do me justice	Chestnut Tree
Domestic Industry	Flax
Doubt	Apricot Blossom
Dreams	Osmunda

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Durability ...	...Cornelian Tree
Durability ...	...Dogwood
Durable beauty	...Stock
Durable pleasure, share it with me	...Everlasting Pea

E

Early Friendship	...Blue Periwinkle
Early Youth ...	...Primrose
Education ...	...White Cherry Tree
Elegance	...Locust Tree
Elevation	...Fir Tree
Elegance	...Pink Acacia
Eloquence ...	...Lotus
Elevation	...Scotch Fir
Embarrassment	...Love in a mist
Envy	...Bramble
Envy	...Crane's Bill
Enchantment ...	...Holly Herb
Encouragement	...Gold Rod
Enchantment ...	...Hyacinth
Error	...Fly Orchis
Error	...Bee Orphrys
Esteem, but not love	Spiderwort

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Esteem, Domestic Excellence ...	...Sage
Esteem and Love	...Strawberry Tree
Estrangement ...	...Lotus Flower
Extent, Bulk ...	...Gourd
Extinguished Hope	Convolvulus Major
Excess is dangerous	Saffron
Exalted	...Laurel-leaved Magnolia
Expected Meeting	...Nutmeg Geranium
Expectation ...	...Field Anemone

F

Faithfulness, Love	...Blue Violet
Facility	...Germander Speedwell
Fascination ...	...Flowering Fern
Fame...	...Tulip Tree
Fate	...Hemp
Farewell	...Michælmas Daisy
Falsehood... ...	...Bugloss
Faithful to the secret entrusted ...	Full blown Rose placed over two buds
Fantastic Extravagance	...Scarlet Poppy
Faithful love ...	...Lemon Blossom

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Facility	...Germander, or *Speedwell*
Fair and Fascinating	White Pink
Falsehood, Duplicity	Manchineal Tree
Fashionable ...	...Queen's Rocket
Fearful	...Red Columbine
Fearful	...Aspen Tree
Feasting	...Parsley
Felicity	...Sweet Sultan
Felicity	...Centaury
Female ambition	...White Hollyhock
Female fidelity	...Speedwell
Female Inconstancy	Hellebore
Flattery	...Venus' Looking glass
Fickle, Whimsical	...Rye Grass
Fickleness ...	...Abatina
Fickleness, Capriciousness ...	...Lady's Slipper
Fidelity	...Ivy
Fidelity	...Plum Tree
Fidelity	...Veronica
Fidelity in Misfortune	...Wallflower
Filial love ...	...Virgin's Bower
Fire	...Horehound

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
First emotions of love	Purple Lilac
Fitness	...Sweet Flag
Flame, Passion	...German Iris
Flee away... ...	...Penny Royal
Fly with me ...	...Venus' Car
Folly...	...Columbine
Foolishness ...	...Pomegranate
For Bonds, Affection's ties	Tendrils of Climbing Plants
Force, Strength	...Fennel
Foresight... ...	...Holly
Forgetfulness ...	...Moonwort
Forsaken	...Anemone
Fortunate, Riches	...Wheat
Frankness ...	...Osier
Fraternal love...	...Woodbine
Freedom	...Water Willow
Freshness ...	...Damask Rose
Friendship ...	...Ivy
Friendship ...	...Pink Acacia
Frivolity	...Bladder Senna
Frivolity	...London Pride
Frugality... ...	...Endive
Frugality... ...	...Chicory

G

Sentiments.	*Flowers*
Gaiety	...Butterfly Orchis
Gain, Profit ...	...Cabbage
Gallantry	...Sweet William
Generosity ...	...Orange Tree
Genius	...Plane Tree
Genteel, Pretty	...Pompon Rose
Gentility	...Geranium
Gentility	...Corn Cockle, Rose Campion
Gladness	...Myrrh
Gloomy, Mourning	...Weeping Willow
Glory...	...Bay Tree
Glory...	...Mountain Laurel
Good Nature ...	...White Mullein
Goodness	...Bonus Henricus
Goodness	...Goosefoot
Gossip	...Cobœa
Grace and Elegance	Yellow Jasmine
Grandeur	...Ash Tree
Gratitude	...Pyramidal Bell flower
Gratitude	...Agrimony
Great, Excellent	...Mountain Laurel
Grief	...Aloe
Guidance, Light on your path ...	...Star of Bethlehem

H

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Happiness ...	...Mugwort
Happy Love ...	...Bridal Rose
Happy Union ...	...Thornless Rose
Harmony	...Oats
Hatred	...Basil
Haughtiness ...	...Tall Sunflower
Haughtiness ...	...Double Larkspur
Haughtiness ...	...Amaryllis
Health	...Iceland Moss
Heartache, *cure for*	Asclepias
Hidden Merit ...	...Coriander
Honesty (*Lunaria*)	Honesty
Hope	...Hawthorn
Hope	...Snowdrop
Hope in adversity	...Spruce Pine
Horror	...Mandrake
Horror	...Dragon Wort or *Snakesfoot*
Horror	...Creeping Cereus
Hospitality ...	...Oak
Humility	...Small Bindweed
Humility	...Bulrush
Humility	...Field Lilac
Humility	...Broom
Hypocrisy ...	...Apocynum

I

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
I am dazzled by your charms	Ranunculus
I am your captive ...	Peach Blossom
I attach myself to you	Indian Jasmine
I aspire to thy smile	Daily Rose
I change but in dying	Bay Leaf
I declare against you	Wild Liquorice
I declare against you	Belvedere
I desire to please ...	Mezereon
Idleness	Mesembryanthemum
I die if neglected ...	Laurustinus
I feel deeply obliga-ted	Lint
If you love me, you will show it	Maiden Blush Rose
I have lost all	Sweet Scabious
I live for thee	Cedar Leaf
I live for thee	Thornless Rose
Ill Nature	Crab Blossom
I love	Red Chrysanthemum
Imagination	Lupine
Immortality	Amaranth
Impatience	Yellow Balsam
Impatience	Balsam

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Impatient of Absence	Corchorus
Impatient resolves	Red Balsam
Importunity ...	Fullers Teazle
Importunity ...	Burdock
I'm to be happy	Cape Jasmine
Incense of a faithful heart	Frankincense
Inconstancy ...	Evening Primrose
Inconstant Love	Wild Honeysuckle
Incorruptible ...	Cedar of Lebanon
Independence ...	Wild Plum
Indifference ...	Agnus Castus
Indifference ...	Pigeon Berry
Indifference ...	Candytuft
Indiscretion ...	Split Reed
Indiscretion ...	Bulrush
Industry	Red Clover
Industry	Bee Orchis
Infidelity, Death	Withered Rose
Ingenuity... ...	Variegated Geranium
Ingenious Simplicity	Mouse-ear Chickweed
Ingratitude ...	Wild Ranunculus
Injustice	Hop
Innocence... ...	White Daisy
Insincerity ...	Fox glove

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Insinuation ...	...Bindweed
Inspiration ...	...Angelica
Instability ...	...Dahlia
Instruction ...	...Bayberry
Intoxicated with pleasure ...	...Peruvian Heliotrope
Intoxication ...	...Vine
Inutility	...Diosma
I partake your sentiments	...Double China Aster
I prefer you ...	...Pink Geranium
Irony...	...Sardony
Irresistible Influence	Vervain
I shall die to-morrow	Gum Cistus
I shall not survive you	...Black Mulberry Tree
I will think of it	...Single China Aster
I wish I was rich	...King Cup, or Butter-Cup
I wish you well	...Sweet Basil
I wound, but love you	Sweet Briar
I wound to heal	...Eglantine, or *(Sweet Briar)*

I

Jealousy	...French Marygold

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Jest, Bantering	...Southern-wood
Joy	...Wood Sorrel
Joys to come ...	...Lesser Celandine
Joyful Anticipation	Snowdrop
Justice	...Rudbeckia
Justice shall be done	Coltsfoot

K

Knight Errantry	...Monk's hood
Keep your promises	Pine Apple

L

Lamentation ...	...Aspen Tree
Lasting Remembrance	Everlasting, or *Cudweed*
Lasting Pleasure	...Everlasting Pea
Let me go ...	...Butterfly Weed
Levity, Lightness	...Larkspur
Life	...Lucerne
Light-heartedness	...Shamrock
Live for me ...	...Mallow
Live in idleness	...Wild Heart's Ease
Love	...Myrtle
Love	...Rose
Love of Nature	...Magnolia

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Love is dangerous	...Carolina Rose
Love in idleness	...Wild Violet
Love in decay ...	...Yellow Sweet Briar
Lovely as this Flower	Blue Bell
Love, sweet and secret	...Honey Flower
Love returned...	...Ambrosia
Love's Memory	...Red Bay
Love at first sight	...Coreopsis Arkansa
Love's Oracle ...	...Dandelion
Love Forsaken	...Creeping Willow
Luxury	...Horse Chestnut
Lustre	...Fair Maid of France
Lustre	...Aconite Crowfoot

M

Magnificent Beauty	Ethiopian Calla
Majesty	...Crown Imperial
Malevolence ...	...Lobelia
Maternal Affection	...Cinquefoil
Maternal Affection	...Mossy Saxifrage
Maternal Love	...Moss
Matrimony ...	...American Linden
Mature Elegance	...Pomegranate Flower

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
May chastened pride befriend me ...	...Tiger Flower
Meanness	...Cuscuta
Meanness	...Dodder of Thyme
Meekness	...Birch
Melancholy ...	...Cypress, Dead leaves
Melancholy ...	...Dark Geranium
Memory	...Syringa
Mental Beauty...	...Clematis
Mental Dignity	...Hundred-leaved Rose
Mirth	...Saffron crocus
Misanthropy ...	...Teazle
Misanthropy ...	...Wolf's Bane
Modesty	...Deep Red Rose
Modesty	...White Violet, or White Lilac
Modest Genius	...Creeping Cereus
Momentary Bliss	...Virginian Spiderwort
Mourning... ...	...Cypress
Music	...Reeds
My heart is smitten	Deep Red Carnation
My best days are past	Meadow Saffron

N

Neatness	...Broom

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Neglected Beauty	...Throatwort
Night	...Convolvulus Minor

O

Oblivion	...Poppy
Only deserve my Love	Campion Rose
Ornament... ...	...Hornbeam Tree

P

Painting	...Auricula
Painting the Lily	...Daphne Odora
Participation ...	...Garden Daisy
Passion	...White Dittany
Parental Affection	...Sorrel
Paternal Error	...Cardamine
Patience	...Dock
Patience	...Ox-eye
Patriotism ...	...American Elm
Patriotism ...	...Nasturtium
Peace	...Olive Branch
Peace, Tranquillity	Stonecrop
Pensive Beauty	...Laburnum
Pensiveness ...	...American Cowslip
Pensiveness ...	...Cowslip

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Perfection ...	...Strawberry
Perfect Female Loveliness	...Justicia
Perfidy	...Almond Laurel
Perfidy	...Common Laurel
Perfume	...Cushew Nut
Persecution ...	...Chequered Fritillary
Perseverance ...	...Ground Laurel
Perseverance ...	...Canary Grass
Perseverance ...	...Swamp Magnolia
Persuasion ...	...Althæa Frutex, (*Syrian Mallow*)
Philosophy, Time	...Pitch Pine
Pity	...Black Pine
Playful Gaiety...	...Yellow Lily
Pleasant Message for you	...Iris
Pleasantry ...	...Gentle Balm
Pleasure and Pain	...Dog Rose
Pleasures of Memory	White Periwinkle
Pomp	...Cock's Comb
Poor, but happy	...Vernal Grass
Popular Favour	...Cistus, or Rock Rose
Poverty	...Evergreen Clematis
Power	...Crown Imperial

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Power	...Imperial Montague
Precaution ...	...Golden Rod
Precocity	...May Rose
Preference ...	...Apple Blossom
Preference ...	...Rose Geranium
Presage	...Small Cape Marygold
Present Preference	...Apple Geranium
Presumption ...	...Hydrangea
Presumption ...	...Snap Dragon
Pretended Love	...Silene Catchfly
Pretension ...	...Willow Herb
Pretension ...	...Lythrum
Pride, dignity of manners ...	...Hundred-leaved Rose
Pride...	...Amaryllis
Privation	...Indian Plum
Prohibition, mildness	Privet
Prolific	...Fig Tree
Promise	...Almond Tree
Promptness ...	...Ten Weeks' Stock
Prosperity ...	...Beech
Protection ...	...Bearded Crepis
Protection ...	...Henbane
Provident... ...	...Purple Clover
Prudence	...Mountain Ash Tree

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Pure love, Boldness	Pink
Pure Love ...	...Indian Pink, Single
Pure and ardent Love	...Double Red Pink
Purity	...White Lily, and Snowball
Purity of Heart	...Water Lily
Purity of mind, Sincerity	...Satin Flower

Q

Quarrel	...Broken Corn
Quick	...Hawkweed

R

Rarity	...Mandrake
Real friendship	...Oak-leaf Geranium
Real Piety ...	...Camelia Japonica
Reason	...Goat's Rue
Recall	...Silver-leaf Geranium
Recantation ...	...Lotus Leaf
Reconciliation ...	...Filbert
Reconciliation ...	...Hazel, Star of Bethlehem
Refusal	...Striped Carnation

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Refusal	...Variegated Pink
Regard	...Daffodil
Relief	...Balm of Gilead
Relieve my anxiety	Christmas Rose
Religious Enthusiasm	Lychnis
Remembrance ...	...Pheasant's Eye, Flos Adonis
Remembrance ...	...Mouse Ear, Scorpion Grass
Remorse	...Raspberry
Rendezvous ...	...Chickweed
Repose, ...	...Convolvulus Minor
Repose, calm ...	...Buckbean
Reserve	...Maple
Resignation ...	...Blue bell
Resignation ...	...Indian Cress
Resistance ...	...Tansy
Respect	...Pea
Restoration ...	...Persicaria
Retaliation ...	...Scotch thistle
Retirement ...	...Harebell
Return of Happiness, Humility	...Lily of the Valley
Revenge	...Birdsfoot, Trefoil
Reward of Merit	...Bay-Wreath

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Riches	...Corn
Rigour	...Lantana
Rivalry	...Rocket
Royalty	...Angrec
Rudeness	...Xanthium
Rupture	...Broken Straw
Rural Felicity	...Wild Grape
Rustic Beauty ...	...French Honeysuckle

S

Sadness	...Dead Leaves
Safety	...Traveller's Joy
Satire	...Prickly Pear
Scandal	...Stinging Nettle
Scandal	...Hellebore
Secrecy	...Maiden Hair
Secret Love ...	...Yellow Acacia
Secret Love ...	...Toothwort
Security	...Cistus, or Rock Rose
Self-esteem, Egotism	Narcissus
Semblance, Deceit	...Spiked Speedwell
Sensibility ...	...Verbena
Sensitiveness ...	...Mimosa, Sensitive Plant
Sensuality ...	...Spanish Jasmine

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Serenade	...Dew Plant
Severity	...Bunch of Thorns
Shyness	...Vetch
Sickness	...Field Anemone
Silence	...Belladonna
Silliness	...Fool's Parsley
Sincerity	...Fern
Single Blessedness	Bachelor's Buttons
Singularity ...	...Cock's Comb
Slander	...Snake's Tongue
Sleep	...White Poppy
Slighted Love ...	...Yellow Chrysanthemum
Smiles	...Crocus
Snare	...Dragon Plant
Solace in Adversity	Evergreen Thorn
Solitude	...Lichen
Solitude	...Heath
Sorcery	...Enchanter's Nightshade
Sorrow	...Yew
Sorrowful Remembrance	...Adonis
Sourness of Temper	Barberry
Spell-bound ...	...Witch Hazel

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Spiritual Beauty	...Cherry Tree Blossom
Spleen	...Fumitory
Sport	...Hyacinth
Stability	...Cresses
Stoicism	...Box
Stratagem, Intellect	Walnut
Strength	...Fennel
Strength	...Cedar Tree
Submission ...	...Grass
Submission ...	...Harebell
Success crown your wishes	...Coronella
Succour and Protection	...Juniper
Sudden Meeting	...Lemon Geranium
Superior Merit	...Moss Rose, Full
Superstition ...	...St. John's Wort
Superstitious Belief	Passion Flower
Surprise	...Betony
Surprise	...Truffle
Susceptibility ...	...Wax Plant
Suspicion... ...	...Champignon
Suspicion	...Mushroom
Sweetness... ...	...White Lily
Sweet Disposition	...Marshmallow

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Sweet Simplicity	...Single Rose
Sympathy... ...	...Balm
Sympathy, Mutual Sensibility ...	...Thrift

T

Tardiness ...	..Flax-leaved Golden Locks
Taste	...Fuschia
Tears	...Helenium
Temperance ...	...Acalia
Temperance ...	...Azalea
Temptation ...	...Apple Blossom
Temptation ...	...Quince
Tender Recollections	White Periwinkle
The heart's mystery	Crimson Polyanthus
Think of me ...	...White Clover
Thy frown will kill me	...Black Currant
Time	...White Poplar
Timidity	...Marvel of Peru
Touch me not ...	...Red Balsam
Touch me not ...	...Burdock
Tranquillity ...	...Madwort
Transient Beauty	...Night-blooming Cereus

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Transport of joy	...Cape Jasmine
Treachery ...	...Bilberry
Treason	...Whortleberry
True love	...Forget-me-not
Truth	...Bittersweet
Truth	...Nightshade
Truth	...White Chrysanthemum

U

Unanimity ...	...Phlox
Uncertain ...	...Mundi Rose
Uncertainty ...	...Convolvulus
Unchangeable ...	...Globe Amaranth
Unchanging Friendship	...Arbor Vitae
Unconscious Beauty	Burgundy Rose
Uneasiness ...	...Garden Marygold
Unending Regret	...Asphodel
Unequalled Beauty	Glory Flower
Unfading beauty	...Gilly-flower
Unfading Love	...Amaranth
Unfortunate Attachment	...Scabious
Union	...Whole Straw

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Unity	Trefoil
Unobtrusive Loveliness	White Hyacinth
Unpatronized Merit	Red Primrose
Unpretending Excellence	Camelia Japonica
Unwavering Piety	Wild Geranium
Usefulness	Dried Flax
Uselessness	Meadow Sweet
Utility	Grass

V

Valuable knowledge	Parsley
Variety	China Aster
Very Charming	Cluster of Musk Roses
Vice	Ray Grass
Vice	Darnel, or Rye Grass
Victory	Palm
Virtue	Mint
Vivacity	Houseleek
Volubility	Abecedary
Voluptuousness ...	Tuberose
Voraciousness	Lupine
Vulgar-minded ...	African Marygold

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
W	
Warmth	Cactus
Warmth of feeling ...	Peppermint
Warmth of Sentiment	Spearmint
Want of Affection ...	Mustard Seed
War	Milfoil
War	Achillea Millefolia
Weakness...	Musk Plant
Weakness...	Moschatel
Welcome to a stranger...	American Starwort
Widowhood	Sweet Scabious
Winter of Age ...	Guelder Rose
Winter, Cold is your heart	Ice Plant
Wisdom	Mulberry Tree
Wit	Ragged Robin
Wit	Meadow Lychnis
Wit ill timed	Wild Sorrel
Witchcraft	Enchanted Nightshade
Woman's Love ...	Carnation, Pink
Worth more than beauty	Alyssum

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Worthy of confidence	Lilac Polyanthus
Worthy of all praise	Fennel

Y

You are in my Thoughts	Heart's Ease or Pansy
You are cold	Hortensia
You are altogether lovely	Austrian Rose
You deserve honour, and the best wishes of my heart ...	Crown, composed of Roses
You are richly attractive...	Ranunculus
You have no claims	Pasque Flower Anemone
You please all	Bunch of Red Currants
You will cause my death	Hemlock
Young and Beautiful	Red Rose-bud
Your beauty attracts	Japan Rose
Your looks freeze me	Ficoides or *Ice Plant*
Your qualities surpass your beauty	Mignonette

Sentiments.	*Flowers.*
Your presence ever revives me ...	...Rosemary
Your presence softens my pain...	...Milk Vetch
Youthful Joy ...	...Spring Crocus
Youthful Love...	...Red Double Pink
Youthful Love...	...Red Catchfly
Youthful Modesty	...White Lilac

Z

Zest	...Lemon
Zealousness ...	...Elder

LOVE.

Love's sooner felt than seen;
Oft in a *voice* he creeps down through the ear;
Oft from a *blushing cheek* he lights his *fire;*
Oft shrouds his *golden flame* in beauty's *hair;*
Oft in a soft, smooth *cheek* doth close *retire;*
Oft in a *smile*, oft in a silent *tear;*
And if all fail, yet *Virtue*'s *self* will *lure!*

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

DIAL OF FLOWERS.

TIME OF OPENING.

	H.	M.
Yellow Goat's Beard	3.	8.
Late Flowering Dandelion ..	4.	9.
Bristly Helminthia	4.	5.
Alpine Borkhausia	4.	5.
Wild Succory	4.	5.
Naked-stalked Poppy	5.	0.
Copper-coloured Day Lily ..	5.	0.
Smooth Sow Thistle..	5.	0.
Alpine Agathyrsus	5.	0.
Small Bindweed..	5.	6.
Common Nipple Wort	5.	6.
Common Dandelion	5.	6.
Spotted Achyrophorus	6.	7.
White Water Lily	7.	0.
Garden Lettuce	7.	0.
African Marygold	7.	0.
Common Pimpernel	7.	9.
Mouse-ear Hawkweed	8.	0.
Proliferous Pink	8.	0.
Field Marygold	9.	5.
Purple Sandwort	9.	10.
Small Purslane	9.	10.
Creeping Mallow	9.	12.
Chickweed	9.	12.

DIAL OF FLOWERS.

TIME OF CLOSING.

	H.	M.
Bristly Helminthia	12.	0.
Alpine Agathyrsus	12.	0.
Alpine Borkhausia	12.	2.
Late Flowering Dandelion ..	12.	3.
Creeping Mallow	12.	4.
Proliferous Pink	1.	0.
Mouse-ear Hawkweed	2.	0.
Small Purslane	2.	3.
Purple Sandwort	2.	3.
Field Marygold	3.	0.
African Marygold	3.	4.
Small Bindweed	4.	5.
Spotted Achyrophorus	4.	5.
White Water Lily	5.	0.
Naked-stalked Poppy	7.	0.
Copper-coloured Day Lily ..	7.	8.
Wild Succory	8.	9.
Common Dandelion	8.	9.
Yellow Goat's Beard	9.	10.
Chickweed	9.	10.
Common Nipple Wort	10.	0.
Garden Lettuce	10.	0.
Small Sow Thistle	11.	12.
Small Purslane..	11.	12.

THE FLOWER DIAL

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like the pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of songs and dreams,—
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary guest,
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Marked thus—even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave

A lingerer still for the sun-set hour—
A charm for the shaded eve. HEMANS.

AFFECTION.

Mutual affection requires to be preserved by mutual endeavours to amuse, and to meet the wishes of each other; but where there is a total neglect and indifference either to amuse or oblige, can it be wondered if affection, following the tendency of its nature, becomes indifferent, and sinks into mere civility?

FLOWER MESSENGERS.

O pretty flowers, go and tell,
With splendid hues and fragrant smell,
That which dwells within my heart,
Causing pleasure—sometimes smart;
Go, spread yourselves before the feet,
And there diffuse your fragrance sweet.

What flowers shall I select, love,
To declare my heart to thee?

First, I will name the *Moss Rose*,
An emblem of love in me.

Geranium Pink, I prefer you
To all in the world so wide;
Mezereon, I wish to please you,
The *Violet*, my love will abide.

Peach-blossom, I am your captive;
The *Pink*, tells my love is pure;
Heart's-ease, you occupy my thoughts;
Vervain, your conquest is sure.

Witch-Hazel, by love I'm spell-bound,
Red Tulip, I declare it;
Valerian, do YOU accept my love
And live with me to share it.

The *Honeysuckle* and *Heliotrope*
Avow my true affection;—
O point me to the *Christmas Rose*,
To calm my sad reflection.

The *Moving Plant* I hope will touch
Your breast with agitation,
And the green *Palm* a vict'ry speak,
The *Myrtle*, love's creation.

The *Thornless Rose*, I live for thee,
The *White Pink*, thou art ever fair,
The *Hawthorn* tells me still to hope;
Trefoil, we shall a Union share.

Friendship, like *Ivy*, will be the knot,
Canterbury-bell, shall constant be,
Then be it so, says *Forget-me-not*,
Amen! says the *Everlasting Pea*. Gu.

BLUE BELL...CONSTANCY.

Look at the beautiful Blue-bell,
And the Everlasting Pea;—
The duration of my love they tell,
Dear one, to thee!

My love is not a sudden pang;
Long has it lived within my heart;
And there 'tis firmly fix'd, my love;
'Twill not depart!

I love the blue Forget-me-not;
Go, look on that lovely flower;
It says, thou in my heart shalt live
While life has power!

As days and months go gliding by,
I love thee more than ever, love;
All other things are mean to thee,
My sweetest dove.

Thus I confess with heart sincere—
Believe me, love, and never fear.

Gu.

AMARANTH.

Its *Sentiment* is IMMORTALITY. Thus it was regarded by the ancients. Hence we read of the *Crowns of Amaranth,* and *Amaranthine Bowers,* and *Crowns.* The ancients adorned the brows of their deities with its crimson flowers. At the funeral rites of Achilles, the Thessalians enwreathed their heads with Amaranth, and Christina of Sweden, when she renounced her throne in order to obtain immortality, by devoting herself to literature, instituted the Order of "The Knights of the Amaranth," to immortalise the sacrifice. —Amaranth is the striking emblem of undying faithfulness, love, and friendship.

THE CROWN OF AMARANTH.

The warrior round his temples
May bind the laurel wreath,
But a curse is on its greenness,
The curse of blood and death:
This blight will quickly wither
The fairest wreath of bay,

But the Christian's Crown of Amaranth
Will never fade away.

On the brow of mighty monarchs
May sparkle many a gem,
And gold, and pearls, and jewels,
May deck the diadem;
But it shines with earthly lustre,
It will tarnish and decay,
While the Christian's Crown of Amaranth
Will never fade away.

Proud were the mighty conquerors,
Crown'd in Olympic games,
For they deemed that deathless honours
Were entwined around their names;
But sere was soon the parsley wreath,
And the olive and the bay,
While the Christian's Crown of Amaranth
Will never fade away.

With a harp of angel melody,
And a palm-branch in his hand,
The saint 'mid circling spirits
Round the golden throne shall stand;
And his song shall be enduring
As heaven's eternal day,
And his Victor Crown of Amaranth
Shall never fade away.

THE DEW-DROP AND THE FLOWER.

O that lovely flower,
Growing in my bower,
With eye of azure hue;
See on its breast,
As it sinks to rest
A sparkling drop of dew.

What beauty it has got—
'Tis called Forget-me-not:
It has a language sweet—
'Tis a pledge to me
Of one soon to be
My companion meet.

The soft winds sigh
As they vainly try
My Forget-me-not to woo
And bright stars above,
Looking down in love,
Shine in that drop of dew.

That flower declares
What a charge it bears
To send my heart away,
And fix upon my love,
Whom I think is above
The fairest and the gay!

O that flower tells,
As with magic spells,
Closing its petals blue,

That its heart is given
To the gem from heaven,—
That sparkling drop of dew. GU

THE WEDDING AMONG THE FLOWERS.

In a grand convocation which Flora enacted,
Where the business of all her domain was transacted,
'Twas hinted, there yet remained one regulation
To perfect her glorious administration.
To some, strength and masculine beauty were given
Majestical air, and an eye meeting heaven;
Hidden virtues to many, to others perfume,
Through each variation of sweetness and bloom:
'Twas therefore suggested, with Flora's compliance,
To unite every charm in some splendid alliance.
The royal assent to the motion was gained,
'Twas passed at three sittings, and duly ordained.

'Twas now most amusing to traverse the shade,
And hear the remarks that were privately made:
Such whispers, inquiries, and investigations!
Such balancing merits and marshalling stations!
The nobles protested they never would yield
To debase their high sap with the weeds of the field;
For, indeed there was nothing so vulgar and rude,
As to let every ill-bred young wild-flower intrude;

Their daughters should never dishonour their houses,
By taking such rabble as these for their spouses!

At length my Lord SUNFLOWER, whom public opinion
Confessed as the pride of the blooming dominion,
Avowed an affection he'd often betrayed
For sweet Lady LILY, the queen of the shade;
And said, should her friends nor the public withstand,
He would dare to solicit her elegant hand
A whisper, like that which on fine summer eves
Young zephyrs address to the frolicsome leaves,
Immediately ran through the whole congregation,
Expressive of pleasure and high approbation.
No line was degraded, no family pride
Insulted, by either the bridegroom or bride,
For in him was all majesty, beauty and splendour,
In her all was elegant, simple, and tender.

Now nothing remained but to win her consent,
And Miss IRIS her friend as the messenger went,
The arts of entreaty and argument trying,
Till at length she returned, and announced her complying.
Complete satisfaction the tidings conveyed,
And whispers and dimples the pleasure displayed.
Will COCKSCOMB, indeed, and a few POWDERED BEAUX,
Who were not little vain of their figure and clothes,

Look'd down with chagrin which they could not
disguise,
That *they* were not fixed on to carry the prize.

At length the young nobleman ventured to name
The following spring, and supported his claim,
By duly consulting a reverend Seer,
DANDELION, who augured the wedding that year,
Moved to give his opinion by breath of perfume,
And nodding assent with his silvery plume.
For licence, his lordship in person applied
To the high CROWN IMPERIAL, whose court he
described
By the GOLDEN ROD, ensign of state, by his side.
Returning from thence in the course of his journey,
He ordered the deeds of JONQUIL, the attorney;
And anxious a speedy conclusion to bring,
Set LOVE-CHAIN and GOLD-DUST to work on the
ring

Now April was garnished with smiles, and the day
Was fixed for the first of luxuriant May.
Along the green garden, in shade or in sun,
All was business and bustle, and frolic and fun;
For, as Flora had granted a full dispensation
To every gay tribe in her blooming creation,
By which at the festival all might appear,
Who else were on duty but parts of the year;
There was now such a concourse of beauty and
grace,
As had not, since Eden, appeared in one place;

And cards were dispersed with consent of the fair,
To every great family through the parterre.*
There was one city lady, indeed whom the bride
Did not wish to attend, which was Miss London Pride:
And his lordship declared he would rather not meet
So doubtful a person as young Bitter-sweet.

Sir Michaelmas Daisy was asked to appear,
But was gone out of town for best part of the year;
And though he was sent for, Narcissus declined
Out of pique, and preferred to keep sulking behind;
For, having beheld his fine form in the water,
He thought himself equal to any flower's daughter,
And would not consent to increase a parade,
The hero of which he, himself, should have made.
Dr. Camomile was to have been of the party,
But was summoned to town to old Alderman Hearty.
Old Aloe, a worthy respectable don,
Could not go in the clothes that just then he had on,
And his tailor was such a slow fellow, he guessed
That it might be a century before he was dressed.†

Excuses were sent, too, from very near all
The ladies residing at Great Green-house Hall,
Who had been so confined, were so chilly and spare,

*_Parterre_—a flower-garden.

† In allusion to the vulgar error, that the aloe requires a hundred years to arrive at maturity.

It might cost them their lives to be out in the air.
The SENSITIVE PLANT hoped her friend would
excuse her,
It thrill'd every nerve in her frame to refuse her.
But she did not believe she had courage to view
The solemn transaction she'd summoned her to.
Widow WAIL had a ticket, but would not attend,
For fear her low spirits should sadden her friend;
And, too wild to regard either lady or lord,
HONEY-SUCKLE, as usual, was gadding abroad.

Notwithstanding all which, preparations were made
In the very first style for the splendid parade.
One CLOTH-PLANT, a clothier of settled repute,
Undertook to provide every beau with a suit,
Trimmed with bachelor's buttons, but these, I pre-
sume,
Were rejected, as out of the proper costume.
Miss SATIN-FLOWER, fancy-dress-maker from town,
Had silks of all colours and patterns sent down;
For which LADIES' RIBBON could hardly prepare
Her trimmings, so fast as bespoke by the fair.
Two noted perfumers from Shrubbery Lane,
Messrs. MUSK-ROSE and LAVENDER, essenced
the train,
And ere the last twilight of April expired,
The whole blooming band was completely attired.

At length the bright morning, with glittering eye,
Peep'd o'er the green earth from the rose-colour'd
sky;

And soon as the lark flitted out of her nest,
The bridal assembly were ready and dressed.
Amongst the most lovely, far lovelier shone
The bride, with an elegance purely her own:
Her tall slender figure green tissue arrayed,
With diamonds strung loose on the shining brocade:
A cap of white velvet, in graceful costume,
Adorned her fair forehead—a silvery plume,
Tipp'd with gold, from the centre half-negligent hung,
With strings of white pearl scattered loosely among:
The last (such as fairies are fancied to wear,)
Aurora* herself had disposed in her hair.

To meet her, and welcome the high omened day,
The bridegroom stepp'd forth in majestic array—
A rough velvet suit, mingled russet and green,
Around his fine figure, broad flowing, was seen;
His front, warm and manly, a diadem grac'd,
Of regal appearance, resplendent as chaste:
The centre was puckered in velvet of brown,
With golden vandykes, which encircled the crown.
Since Nature's first morning, ne'er glittered a pair,
The one so commanding, the other so fair!

Many ladies of fashion had offered to wait
As bridemaids, the honour was reckoned so great;
These famed for their beauty, for fragrancy those,
ANEMONE splendid, or sweet-smelling ROSE;

* *Aurora*—the goddess of the morning—the dawn.

But gentle and free from a tincture of pride,
A sweet country cousin was call'd by the bride,
Who long in a valley had sheltered unknown,
Or was traced to the shade by her sweetness alone;
She timid appeared in the meekest array,
Like pearls of clear dew on an evergreen spray.

Now moved the procession from dressing-room bowers,
A brilliant display of illustrious flowers:
Young HEART'S-EASE in purple and gold ran before,
To welcome them in at the great temple door,
Where old Bishop MONK'S-HOOD had taken his stand,
To weave and to sanction the conjugal band:
The trumpeter SUCKLING, with musical air,
Preceeded as herald, and then the young pair:
With little Miss LILY, as bridesmaid, behind,
Alone; her fair head on her bosom reclin'd.

The old Duke of PEONY, richly arrayed
In coquelicot,* headed the long cavalcade,
Duchess Dowager ROSE leading up at his side,
With her daughters, some blooming, some fair as the bride;
My lady CARNATION, excessively dashing,
Rouged highly, and new in the Rotterdam fashion,

* *Coquelicot*—the red poppy, here used to describe the colour of the dress.

Discoursing of rank and of pedigree, came,
With a beau of distinction, VAN TULIP by name;
Field-officer POPPY, in trim militaire;
An unfortunate youth, HYACINTHUS the fair;
With Major CONVOLVULUS, fresh from parade,
And his son, though a Minor, in purple cockade;
A pair from the country, affecting no show,
PRETTY BETSY the belle, aad SWEET-WILLIAM the beau,
Succeeded; and next, in the simplest attire,
Miss JESSAMINE pale, and her lover SWEET-BRIER;
AURICULA came, in puce velvet and white,
With her spouse POLYANTHUS, a rich city knight;
Messrs. STOCKS from 'Change Alley,* in crimson array,
The twin-brother LARKSPURS, two fops of the day;
With light-hearted COLUMBINE, playing the fool,
And footing away like a frolic from school;
Then a distant relation, 'twas said, of the bride,
WATER-LILY, a nymph from the rivulet's side;
And last, hand-in-hand, at the end of the train,
VIOLETTA and DAISY, from Hazel-nut lane.

MEZEREON had fully designed to be there,
But was only half dressed, and obliged to forbear;
And the EVENING PRIMROSE was pale with chagrin
That her cap did not come till the day had closed in.

* *Change Alley*—for Exchange Alley, a passage near where the Royal Exchange stood, much frequented by dealers in *Stock*, as money is sometimes called.

So each remained pouting behind in the shade,
As winding along moved the brilliant parade.

At length the fair temple appeared to their view,
All blushing with beauty and spangled with dew:
Tall hollyhock pillars encircled it round,
With tendrils of pea and sweet eglantine bound;
The roof was a trellis of myrtle and vine,
Which knots and festoons of nasturtium combine;
Surmounting each pillar, the cornice displayed
The midsummer star-wort, relieving the shade;
And wreathed into loops of the tenderest green,
Antirrhinum waved loose to the zephyrs between.
The passion-flower fond to the portico clung,
And guelder-rose glittered the foliage among;
A mossy mosaic the pavement displayed,
With tufts of hepatica richly inlaid;
And high in the centre an altar was reared,
Which wreathed with net-work of flowers appeared;
Where sunbeams, by dews in the trellis condensed,
From herbs aromatic sweet odours dispensed:
Above were suspended the merry blue-bells,
Holy rites to enliven with musical swells.

And now the train enters, the altar burns bright,
Fresh fragrance escapes from the centrical light;
Before the green shrine, the young couple await
Each form ceremonious ordained by the state;
And mystical vows understood but by flowers,
Which elude observation of senses like ours;

'Twas only perceived that the Bishop profound,
Clear dews from his urn sprinkled thrice on the ground;
And Zephyr, or some such invisible thing,
Thrice fluttered the air with his butterfly wing.

At length the rites closed in a grand benediction,
And merriment burst without any restriction.
Now blushed in the banquet along the parterre,
Each dainty that nature or art could prepare.
DAMASK ROSE on the lawn had a table-cloth spread,
The FLESH PLANT provided the dish at the head,
And CORNBOTTLE furnished the table with bread.
Housewife BUTTERCUP sent a supply from her churn;
The SNOWDROP iced dews in a white CROCUS urn;
And CANDY TUFT, skilled in the art of preserving,
A splendid dessert had the honour of serving.

ROSE BURGUNDY, vintner, the goblet supplied
With neat foreign wines, and made cowslip beside;
CAMPANULA cups, filled with gentle spring rain,
Were served to the ladies who wished for it plain.
And all was so elegant, splendid and rare,
That I could not name half the fine things that were there:
When finished, SNAP-DRAGONS produced a good joke,
And ROCKETS went up to amuse the young folk.

In return for past favours, a band of young bees
Hummed a midsummer tune through the neighbouring trees;
And linnet and lark, as by accident, met
And surprised the young pair with a charming duet,

And now mirth and revelry were at their height,
The little ones crept to the shade in affright;
The ladies had danced in the heat of the sun,
Till their dresses were limp and their spirits outdone;
And, Flora who witnessed the scene with concern,
Beckoned forward to Vesper, to empty her urn.
At once, as by magic, the merriment died,
Not a whisper was heard, not a gambol was tried!
Returned to their stations, in border or bed,
Each shut up his eye, or hung graceful her head;
And those who had left foreign mountains and vales,
Rode home, in snug parties, on zephyrs and gales:
So that ere the first star wandered out with a beam,
They were all sound asleep, and beginning to dream!

ANN TAYLOR.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

Beautiful flowers! your bloom is bright,
Wherever ye leaf in your own pure light;
Ye robe the desert, ye deck the glade,
Ye smile in the sunshine, and purple the mead;

Ye please the savage, attract the sage,
Shed your sweets o'er youth, and your charms o'er age;
Ye are lov'd by all, yet ye will not stay—
Wherefore so soon do ye perish away?
Beautiful flowers! oh, tell me now,
Under the leaves of the mulberry bough;
Or, if not there, let an answer come
With the plundering bee as he hasteth home;
Or whisper a word to the fragrant gale,
As it kisses your lips for a balmy tale;
Hark! hark! I hear from the roseate bowers
The honied voice of the queen of flowers!
"Mine is the realm of the fair and free,
Fragrance and beauty were made for me;
But light-heeled nymphs have usurped my right.
And busied themselves in my bowers of light;
And fairies rifle my sweetest flowers
Of their mellowest hues and their ripest powers;
And thus, through the wanton wreck they've made,
'Tis the brightest of blossoms that soonest fade!"

THE ROSE AMONG THORNS.

A pious man was one day pacing sorrowfully up and down his garden, and doubting the care of Providence. At length he stood transfixed before a rose-bush, and

the *Spirit of the Rose* spoke to him thus: —"Do I not animate a beautiful plant; a cup of thanksgiving full of fragrance to the Lord, in the name of all flowers, and an offering of sweet incense to Him? And where do you find me? Among *thorns*. But they do not sting me; they protect and give me sap. This thine enemies do for thee; and should not thy spirit be firmer than that of a frail flower?" Strengthened, the man went thence. His soul became a cup of thanksgiving for his enemies.

THE ALPINE FLOWERS.*

MEEK dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye?—Did some white-winged messenger
On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?

* This piece is, perhaps, the finest of Mrs. Sigourney's poetry. It is in some respects so sublime, that it forcibly reminds us of Coleridge's Hymn before sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny.

Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?—

—Tree nor shrub
Dare that drear atmosphere: no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front; yet there *ye* stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribbed ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencilled beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-winged gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE ROSE.

This precious flower, whose "Paradise of leaves" has been sung with all the attributes of surpassing loveliness by the poets of every country on which it is bestowed, has perhaps never been more beautifully described than by Bishop Jeremy Taylor,

when he compares its charms and fleeting existence to the life of man.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise,
And teach the Maid
That Goodness Time's rude hand defies
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.

PRIMROSE.

Its Sentiment is *Inconstancy*. Let not that characterize you. Rather let your symbol be Blue Violet. O give me the Almond of Globe Amaranth of Rose. Christmas Rose, and say at once, Thornless Rose. To me Austrian Rose. Believe the Nightshade of my Peach Tree, and you will cause me to be Xeranthemum.

Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearled with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears:

Ask me why this flow'r doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break:
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and tears are in a lover.

THOMAS CAREW.

A FLORAL LOVE LETTER.

Dearest,

My Acacia to you has grown into Peach Tree. Do not deem it Snap Dragon to declare that Pansy continually. O Peach Blossom, and am Syrian Mallow. Pansy day and Convolvulus Minor. O will you Mallow. You would find me Lilac Polyanthus, and Indian Pink single, pervading my heart, and devoid of Venus Fly Trap. Pink Geranium to all others. Peach; therefore Daily Rose. Ranunculus, and I shall have no Stonecrop till you Almond me Ambrosia, which will be Asclepias, and give me Buckbean. Four-leaved Clover; for I am Purple Columbine. Let your response give no Aloe,

but Myrtle, Snowdrop, Wood Sorrel, and Red Poppy. I bow to your Vervain. I am Witch Hazel. Black Currant. Adieu, my dearest, my Variegated Daisy.

A WISH.

May Woman's breast be pleasure's couch,
But free from thoughts unholy;
May it be warm to virtue's touch,
But cold as ice to folly!

WHAT IS IT?

It is not thy brow so white and so fair;
It is not the flow of thy soft silv'ry hair;
It is not the blush of thy dear glowing cheek,
Where crimson does flush when flatterers speak;
It is not thine eye so sparkling and bright,
Like stars of the sky, forth flinging their light;
It is not thy lip, the sweetest of sweet;
It is not the sip thereon that I meet;
It is not thy form, though lovely thou art;—
Oh, no, the bright charm, dearest maid, is thy heart:
Thy gentleness, dear one, has charm'd me alone;
Thy innocence, fair one, has made me thy own.

THE FLOWER GIRL'S SONG.

See, the Flower Girl comes along;—
O let us listen to her song;—
Violets sweet she sells to-day;—
Hark her sweet voice their praises say.

Violets! violets! scented violets!
Oh! they are so fresh and fair!
I knew where they were by their fragrant breath,
That floated around from their leaves beneath,
And scented the balmy air.

Violets! violets! buy my violets!
Alas! I'm poor and lone!
I dwell alone by the thick dark wood
And trust in God for my daily food;—
My lov'd friends are dead and gone!

Buy my violets! purple violets!
Sweet, yellow, and blue also!
O buy them of me—they will please you well;
Though proud of heart, I am forc'd to sell,
This desert world to get through!

Buy my violets! buy my violets!
For want is pressing now!
And a grateful heart I shall ever feel
To those who will now their kindness deal,
And their patronage bestow!

Violets! violets! buy my violets!
Their beauty and fragrance are sweet!

And such is the memory of the dead,—
For the loss of whom my heart has bled;—
But we hope again to meet!

Violets! violets! buy my violets!
Pity the orphan child!
Come, buy them quick, and my wounds you'll heal,
God made these flowers that you might feel;
God on kind deeds will smile.

Violets! violets! you've bought them all!
To you my thanks are due.
May you all, kind friends, with health be blest;
By want and woe ne'er be distrest!
This is my wish for you.

GU.

GARLAND OF ROSES.

HEBREW FABLE.

Early one morning, a maiden went into a garden to gather a garland of roses. They stood there, mere buds, though more or less opened. "I will not pluck you yet," said the girl. "The sun shall open you first, that you may be more beautiful, and your scent stronger." She returned at noon-day, and found the loveliest

roses gnawed by a worm, and bending before the scorching rays of the sun, all withered and dead. The young girl wept for her folly; and the following morning she gathered her garland early.

Do not be so coquetish, ye maidens so gay;
For you know that your life will soon pass away:
If you have a good offer, such offer not lose,—
For time will soon change you;—O remember the rose!

All ye gentlemen also, get settled in life;
And wisely, while young, try to find a good wife;
For *old bachelor habits* offend every nose:—
Be married! be married! O remember the rose!

Gu.

THE MOST BLISSFUL PERIOD OF LOVE.

The most glorious and blissful period in life, is the moment when lovers have declared their attachment—a declaration that causes each to look upon the other as the most perfect of their race, and that those pleasures which they do not share together, they regard but as bubbles in the breeze.

Full of youthful aspirations, or buoyant with hope—and inexperienced in the reverses of life, it is no wonder that they should be elated excessively after their avowal of love. Let those now in married life look back at the time of courtship, and the retrospect will revive, to some extent, by-gone felicity, and cause them to long for a renewal of the same luxurious feelings. Alas! it cannot be.

How lovers long for the meeting time, to renew their vows of sweet affection; they count the intervening hours, and at the appointed time, they fly on the wings of the wind to feast on love. The flight of time tells them to part—but part they cannot—they linger—they sever—they return—but at last the parting kiss is given.

THE BLISSFUL PERIOD OF LOVE.

O golden time of human life,
When man begins to seek a wife!
He sees an object passing fair
With whom he would his portion share.

He tracks her path again, again,
His breast replete with love's sweet pain;

He meets her—passes—has nought to say—
His courage failed him by the way.

At length he summons all his might;
Goes forth to meet her with delight:
The prize is great—he must succeed,
If not, his smitten heart must bleed.

He meets her—gazes on her face,
Adorn'd with every modest grace;
His glances now meet with return;
Her crimson cheeks with passion burn.

Still nothing said; the pent up fire
Is burning still—will not expire;
At last he ventures with a rose,
To show his love, and then propose.

The language of the rose she knew
Soon as presented to her view:
She took it—thank'd him—departed thence—
The feast of love did then commence.

Happy meeting! Their hearts are gay!
That love begun will not decay!
The sweetest part of human life
Is that when man first sees his wife. GU.

Look as a lover with a lingering kiss,
About to part with the best half that's his;
Fain would he stay, but that he fears to do it,
And blames swift time for so fast hastening to it!
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew
To make less vows than are esteemed true;

Then says he must be gone, and then doth find
Something he should have spoke that's out of mind;
Then turns, comes back, sighs, pants, and yet doth go,
Apt to retire, and loath to leave her so;—
So part I. BROWNE.

BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured;
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers, to strew in the conqueror's path—
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoil of nations back,
The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring flowers, to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth,—bring him flowers, wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair,
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth;
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, on the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead;
For this, through its leaves, hath the white rose burst;
For this, in the woods, was the violet nursed;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is *there!*
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the winter hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers!

MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT WE LOVE A WOMAN FOR!

Some one, speaking of a beautiful girl, enthusiastically said he was almost in love with her, though her understanding was

by no means brilliant. "Pooh!" said Goethe, laughing, "as if love had any thing to do with understanding. We love a girl for very different things than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidingness, her character, with its faults, caprices, and God knows what other inexpressible charms; but we do not love her understanding. Her mind we *esteem* (if it is brilliant) and it may greatly elevate her in our opinion; nay more, it may enchain us when we already love. But her understanding is not that which awakens and inflames our passions."

It is better for a lady, we say, to possess a good understanding in addition to physical attractions or beauty.

"Woman, gentle woman, has a heart
Fraught with the sweet humanities of life;
Sway'd by no selfish aim, she bears her part
In all our joys and woes; in pain, in strife,
Fonder and still more faithful! when the smart
Of care assails the bosom, or the knife
Of keen endurance cuts us to the soul,
First to support us, foremost to console.

"Oh! what were man in dark misfortune's hour
Without her cherishing aid? A nerveless thing,
Sinking ignobly 'neath the passing power
Of every blast of fortune. She can bring
A balm for every wound: as when the shower
More heavily falls, the bird of eve will sing
In richer notes; sweeter is woman's voice
When through the storm it bids the soul rejoice."

FLOWERS, LADIES, AND ANGELS.

If ladies wish to get into the very best company possible, we do not know of any pleasanter way than is detailed in this beautiful scrap from a German poet:—

A flower do but place near thy window glass,
And through it no image of evil shall pass.
Abroad must thou go? On thy white bosom wear
A nosegay, and doubt not an angel is there;
Forget not to water at break of the day
The lilies, and thou shalt be fairer than they;
Place a rose near thy bed nightly sentry to keep,
And angels shall rock thee on roses to sleep."

Ard pray what will happen if a *gentleman* does all this? For one, we have a

personal curiosity to know; for we do all these things, and a good many more. If any other angels have hovered about us than angelic flowers, we make an especial request to them not, hereafter, to be so shy about it. Our natural eye would delight to behold in veritable substance all the flower-spirits which our ideality spies lurking in our garden blossoms.

May the Flame of Love never burn up the Spark that kindled it.

TO THEE.

Oh! were I but a sweet, sweet bird,
That flies from tree to tree,
With sweetest note that e'er was heard
I would sit and sing to thee.

Oh! were I but a smiling flower,
Which blooms on sunny lea,
I would seek thee, dearest, every hour,
And give my sweets to thee.

Oh! were I but a gallant steed,
I would bear thee, gentle maid,

Quickly o'er mountain, hill, and mead,
And through the green forest glade.

O were I but a swift fleet boat,
I would bear thee through the stream;
In me thou shouldst so calmly float,
And view each charming scene.

O were I but a warrior bold,
And thou didst smile on me,
I would don my armour of bright gold,
And fight and die for thee!

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Gently, gently fall sweet sleep
O'er thine eyelids, soft and deep;
Gently as the breath of flowers
In the bright noon's honeyed hours,
Gently as the dews of heaven
On the wild rose at the even.

Thou art pure, immortal one;
Oh! be pure till life is done,
We would take thee in thy bloom
From the dim walls of the tomb:
We would bear thee, blest and fair,
Where thy home and kindred are.

Pray then—strive to enter in
Through the cold world's woe and sin;

In each glad and gloomy hour,
In thy weakness, in thy power,
Pray—and we will pray for thee,
Strive—and we will strengthen thee.

Aye, on the land and on the seas,
In the tempest and the breeze,
In the solemn hush of night,
In the loud morn's burst of light,
Strive! oh strive!—around, above thee,
We will lead and we will love thee.

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER.

Oh, lilac bough! hadst thou the power
To make a revelation,
I'd court thy shade full many an hour,
And 'neath thy blossoms' fragrant bower,
Inhale glad inspiration.

I've often looked with raptured eyes
To see the bee embrace thee;
So wildly seize his wished-for prize,
Express his joy with murmuring cries,
And give fresh charms to grace thee.

I've thought how heart and soul were bound
To show his deep-felt pleasure,

When that his eager toil was crowned,
By actual possession found
In no restricted measure.

I've thought, could he to man but tell
The joy his soul that ravished;
How his emotions high would swell
(Like swinging notes from bridal bell),
That on him had been lavished.

Far nobler power, far higher aim,
Than insect life e'er gladdened,
How, taught by that, he could reclaim
His wasted love, or in that name
(By no past losses saddened)

Would earnestly, and with true heart,
Like brown bee chained to flowers,
His inmost soul's deep thoughts impart,
And find an actual counterpart
In her who blest his hours.

GEO. R. TWINN.

WHY DO I LOVE YOU?

Because Crown of Roses. Because Peach. Because Peach Blossom. Because you have White Lily, China Rose, Bonus Henricus. Because you are Lilac

Polyanthus. Because Ranunculus, Austrian Rose. May our Myrtle end in Bridal Rose. Because Pink Geranium to all others in the world. Excuse this Moss Rose-bud, and remember Daily Rose. I am Purple Columbine, my Variegated Daisy with Honeysuckle. Yours in Veronica.

FLOWERS.

Oh! they look upward in every place,
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!
They tell us of wand'rings by woods and streams;
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these—
The bright, bright flowers!

They tell of a season when men were not;
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God;
When spirits singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,

And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,
And bless'd what he had made—
The bright, bright flowers!

That blessing remaineth upon them still,
Though often the storm-cloud lowers,
And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of earth's flowers.
When Sin and Death, with their sister Grief,
Made a home of the hearts of men,
The blessing of God on each tender leaf
Preserved in their beauty then
The bright, bright flowers!

The Lily is lovely as when it slept
On the waters of Eden's lake,
The Woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept
In Eden from brake to brake.
They were left as proof of the loveliness
Of Adam and Eve's first home;
They are here as a type of the joys that bless
The first in the world to come—
The bright, bright flowers!

COLERIDGE'S FLOWERY COT.

When this great poet married, he retired with his wife to a cottage at Clevedon,

near Bristol. Though the cottage was a poor one, consisting of little more than four bare walls, for which he paid £5 per annum, he and his wife made it pretty snug with the aid of the funds supplied by their friend, Mr. Cottle, the Bristol bookseller. Coleridge decorated this little cottage with all the graces that imagination and fancy could throw around it. It is alluded to in many of his poems:—

"Low was our pretty cot! our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd, and across the porch
Thick Jasmines twin'd: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The valley of seclusion!"

But his loved young wife was not forgotten: for again he sings:—

"My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclin'd
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot—our cot o'ergrown
With white-flowered jasmine, and the broad-leaved
myrtle,
(Meet emblems they of innocence and love!)

And watch the clouds, that late were rich with
light,
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve,
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be!)
Shine opposite.

WHITE PINK...FAIR AND CHARMING.

If you have seen a summer star,
Liquidly soft and faintly far,
Beaming a smiling glance on earth,
As if it watch'd the floweret's birth,
Then you have seen a light less fair
Than that young maiden's glances were.
Dark fell her tresses. You have seen
A rent-cloud tossing in the air,
And, showing the pure sky between
Its floating fragments, here and there.
Then you may fancy faintly how
The falling tress, the ring-like curl,
Disclosed or shadow'd o'er the brow
And neck of that fair girl;
Her cheek was delicately thin,
And through its pure transparent white,
The rose-hue wander'd out and in,
As you have seen the inconstant light
Flush o'er the northern sky of night.
Her playful lip was gently full,
Soft curving to the graceful chin,

And colour'd like the fruit which glows
Upon the sunn'd pomegranate boughs.
And oh! her soft low voice might lull
The spirit to a dream of bliss,
As if the voices, sweet and bland,
Which murmur in the seraph land,
Were warbling in a world like this.

WHITTIER.

THE HAREBELL...GRIEF.

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead;
Or, dost thou, free, at pleasure roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe,
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hov'rest round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And ev'ry tear is full of thee,—
Should, then, the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh! visit thou my soothing dream!

THOMSON.

A WISH.

May angels guard thee, lovely maiden,
And from dangers keep thee free;
With richest blessings be thou laden,
Bestow'd by heavenly love on thee.
May thy life be paths of roses
Yielding fragrance and delight;
And when at last thy dear life closes,
Mayst thou wake to heavenly light!

TO THE ACACIA.

A lovely thing art thou to me,
My beautiful Acacia tree;
Rising so graceful from the earth,
Thou scarcely seemst to owe thy birth
Unto the dust.

Amidst thy clust'ring boughs of green
Thy snowy flowers are lightly seen,
Looking so purely white and fair,
Like moon-beams frozen in the air,
Ere caught by earth.

And oft when fairies hold their court
Beneath thy shade, they gaily sport,
The while amidst thy leaves the breeze,
While whispers soft, accompanies
Their merry notes.

And oft when storms are raging round,
Striking the strongest to the ground,
Thou spreadst thy leaflets down the wind
With yielding grace, content to find
Thy safety thus.

And when stern Winter scatters all
Thy pride, thy summer coronal,
Though stripped of all thy leafy screen,
Yet in thy native grace thou'rt seen
With pleasure still.

Even so would I, while sunbeams play,
With grateful heart enjoy the day;
And thus when sorrows gather fast,
I'd bend beneath the chilling blast,
And humbly trust.

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

Oh! wear it on thy heart, my love!
Still, still a little while!
Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,
Though faded be their smile.
Yet for the sake of what hath been,
Oh, cast it not away!
'Twas born to grace a summer scene,
A long, bright, golden day,
My love!
A long, bright, golden day!

A little while around thee, love!
Its fragrance yet shall cling,
Telling that on thy heart hath lain,
A fair, though faded thing.
But not e'en that warm heart hath power,
To win it back from fate:
Oh! *I* am like thy broken flower,
Cherish'd too late, too late,
My love!
Cherish'd, Alas! too late!

MRS. HEMANS.

EVERGREEN THORN...SOLACE IN ADVERSITY.

Thou art drinking life's bitter cup;
A change has come upon thee;
But I love still, and will love on,
In thy adversity.

However wretched were thy case,
I would not thee forsake;
I feel for thee with all my heart,
And of thy grief partake.

May God in mercy sanctify
The trials of my friend;
Impart his consolations sweet,
And then the trials end.

GU.

HELIOTROPE...DEVOTED IN AFFECTION.

Beautiful flower, thou symbollest well;
True love in my heart for ever will dwell:
Then, dear one, banish all thy dejection—
I'm devoted to thee in real affection.

I could not forsake thee for bright red gold—
My heart in thy chains thou dost firmly hold,
Devotion to thee! O so sweet! so sweet!
I am never so happy as when we meet!

Till *one day* shall come, thou art mine—O mine!
Nought can change me—I am thine! truly thine!
Then cherish for me the dear reflection—
I'm devoted to thee in real affection!

GU.

A WISH.

May Love and Reason be Friends, and Beauty and Virtue marry.

LOVE DELECTABLE.

All other joys are transient, but this
Is but a foretaste of eternal bliss,
The purest feeling God to man has given,
By which alone he may aspire to heaven.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY

O it is so pleasing at Christmas time,
The evergreen Holly to see,
With its berries red ripe, and leaves so green,—
Then the heart it filleth with glee.

While the snow is falling upon the ground,
And the frost is upon the pane,—
The prickly old Holly, and the bright glowing fire,
Will dispel all our care and pain.

Look at that Holly, so hardy and green,
Defying stern Winter's embrace;
It cares not for wind, for frost, or for snow—
They cannot its beauty efface.

Then gather the Holly to hang on the wall,
And let us be cheerful and gay,
For the winter it turneth into spring
And makes night as cheerful as day.

O sing to the Holly, the evergreen Holly,
It is loved by peasant and king,
While under its green boughs we cheerfully feast,
And the praises of Holly we sing.

O evergreen Holly, thou cheerest the heart
When earth's sweet flowers are dead:
When the trees are stript, and the earth is bare,
We have pleasure from thee instead.

The Ivy is pretty, but it creeps along
Where death sad havoc has spread;

And beautiful too is the cypress tree,—
But it grows by the graves of the dead.

The Laurel and Bay may wreath the brow
Of heroes who armies have led;
But their course was marked with carnage and blood,
And sad mourning over the dead.

Then sing to the Holly, the prickly green Holly
That's loved by peasant and king;
From under its leaves begone melancholy,
While loudly its praises we sing.

Gu.

THE CROCUS.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me:
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Lock'd in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,

I will peer up with my little bright head—
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young buds divergo
As rays of the sun from their focus;
And I from the darkness of earth will emerge
A happy and beautiful crocus!

Gaily arrayed in my yellow and green,
When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder how one so serene
Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
This useful lesson may borrow:—
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow!

BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay here yet awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last!

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?

'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile; they glide
Into the grave.

HERRICK.

FLOWERS.

Ye are the Scriptures of the earth,
Sweet flowers fair and frail;
A sermon speaks in every bud
That woos the summer gale.

THE BOUQUET.

MIGNONETTE TO VIOLET.

ACCEPT the flowers Affection sends:
In their united name she blends
A gentle fairy spell—
A mossy bud plucked from the rose—
A myrtle spray, whence fragrance flows—
A beauteous azure bell;

A fuschia red, "love's proper hue"—
A maiden's blush—a mouse-ear blue,
Together I entwine
A heart's-ease too we must not miss—
A dahlia white, which whispers this,
"For ever I am thine!"

May no syringa ever shed
Its baleful influence o'er your head,
For pain or for regret:
May amaranth for ever glow,
And guard you whereso'er you go;
So prays your Mignonette.
EUPHEMIA.

CELANDINE.

SENTIMENT—JOYS TO COME.

Pretty little golden thing,
Blooming in the early spring;
Be thou an emblem true to me,
Joys to come, O may I see!

Blooming where the sunbeams shine,
Fairy little Celandine,
Thou inspirest hope in me,
That future joys I may see!

Joys with one, sweet lover mine,
Pretty little Celandine;
Joys to last and not decay,
While we tread life's rugged way.

With thy petals fair and bright,
O thou givest sweet delight,
And thou tellest joys to come
In our own delightful home.

How bright thy golden flowers shine
Gay and pretty Celandine,
Brighter yet is one to me
Sweeter far than flowers can be.

By the flowing river's side,
Pretty flower, thou dost abide;
By its banks we walk along,
While we hear the linnet's song.

Pretty little Celandine,
Whisper to one, O be mine!
Say, I wish for joys to come
Sweetly shared in one *sweet home!*

GU.

WEDLOCK.

I scent the air
Of blessings when I come near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!

The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house in a garden,
On which the Spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest colours; when base lust
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride
Is but a fair house built in a morass.

THE HEART'S-EASE.

There is a little flower that's found
In almost every garden ground,
'Tis lowly, but 'tis sweet:
And if its name express its power,
A lovelier and a sweeter flower
You'll never, never meet.

No—not the wealth of Chili's mine,
Dear flow'ret, may compare with thine,
For thee I'd give it all;
But if the wealthy will not bear
Thy modest charms in their parterre,
Grow 'neath my garden wall:

I said in every garden-ground;
Perhaps in Eden 'twas not found,
For there it was not wanted;
But soon as sin and sorrow came,
Thy flower received its gladdening name,
By mercy's angel planted.

He took its azure from the sky:
It is the hue of constancy,
And constant should our faith be;
With that he mingled splendid gold,
To show that if our faith we hold,
We shall be crowned with glory.

My love—if God within our bower,
Should plant this lovely little flower,
To tend it be our duty;
Then should there be a smile or tear,
So it be mutual, it will rear
And maturate its beauty.

DEAR TO ME.

O dearest love, wipe off the tear
That dims your bonny e'e;
Though friends may leave, ye need na' grieve,
While I am true to thee.
Though a' depart, my constant heart,
Will aye remain to cheer;
Then calm your fears, and dry your tears,
For thou to me art dear.

When flowers are cast, by winter's blast
A' withered o'er the lea,
Come to my plaid, and lay 'your head,
Where nane can injure thee.

My hame will be a hame to thee,
In joy, an' sorrow drear;
Then calm your fears, and dry your tears,
For thou to me art dear.

I envy not the lordling's lot,
Though thousands bend the knee;
Or raise the cheer, when they appear,
Though I'm in poverty.
I would na' gie a lass like thee
For a' their gowd and gear;
Then calm your fears, and dry your tears,
For thou to me art dear.

Foster the good, and thou shalt tend the flower
Already sown on earth;
Foster the beautiful, and every hour
Thou call'st new flowers to birth.
SCHILLER.

FORGET-ME-NOT

When the heavens and earth had been summoned into being, and man had been called to taste the joys and glories of the celestial Eden, every living thing was brought unto Adam that it might inherit from him its befitting name. And flowers of every varied hue were among the lovely objects that his eye did rest upon; and as he named each of them

according to its own peculiar form, or fragrance, or colour, he added, "Be ye mindful of the name by which the Image of your Creator hath called you." And it was yet but a short time afterwards that a floweret, arrayed in the meek azure of the firmament, spake unto Adam, saying, "Lord!—by what name didst thou call me? Of a truth it ashameth me that I did not heed it." And the first man answered, saying, "Forget-me-not!" Then the floweret drooped its head and went and hid itself in the lonely shade, beneath the bough that waveth over the murmuring brook, and there it abideth mourning, and when the gentle hand of Friendship, or the eager finger of Love stoopeth to pluck it in its lowliness, it still doth whisper softly,—"Forget-me-not!"

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Fond memory's flower of azure dye,
Permit thy bard one boon to crave;
When in death's narrow bed I lie,
Oh! bloom around my humble grave.

And if some tender, faithful friend
Should, led by love, approach the spot,
And o'er thy flowers admiring bend,
Then say for me, "Forget-me-not.'

MRS. OPIE.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

That little blue flower I love to see,
The symbol of one so precious to me;
It humbly, yet lovely, grows in this spot,
And lovingly whispers, *Forget-me-not.*

I am not forgotten, he bears me in mind,
For he came with his heart with mine to bind
He is willing on earth to share my lot,
And while he may live, to *Forget-me-not.*

O pretty sweet flower, thou symbollest true,
I'll love him as long as thy colour is blue;
Nought from my heart his image can blot,
Be thou witness of it, *Forget-me-not.*

And now, little flower, I must pluck thee;
And send thee to him who vows he loves me;
Go whisper to him, "I'll live in a cot,
Anywhere, anywhere, *Forget-me-not.*"

Before thou returnest, whisper again
The ear of my love to free me from pain;
Say, "Kiss me, and send me back to her cot,
And command me to say, *Forget-me-not!*"

O sweet is his message thou bearest to me
Forget-me-not he has sent by thee!
I live in his heart—my heart he has got,
Thou art the symbol, *Forget-me-not.* GU.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

"Grandmother," said little Gretchen, "why do you call this beautiful flower, blue as the sky, growing by this brook, 'Forget-me-not?'"

"My child," said the grandmother, "I once accompanied your father, who was going on a long journey, to this brook. He told me when I saw this little flower, I must think of him, and not forget him; and so we have always called it, *Forget-me-not*,"

Gretchen replied, "I have neither parents, nor brothers, nor sisters, nor friends, from whom I am parted. I do not know whom I can think of when I see the *Forget-me-not*."

"There is one," said her grandmother, "of whom this flower may remind you—Him who made it. Every flower in the garden, and in the fields, seems to say, 'Remember God'—And this simple flower says for God, *Forget-me-not*."

The following describes the origin of the name of this flower under very affecting circumstances: A young lady walking with her lover on the banks of the Danube, saw a bunch of this plant growing on the margin of the water. She admired its beauty, and he resolved to obtain it for her. He reached the flower, but, in doing so, lost his hold, and fell into the water. He struggled long, but was unable to stem the rapid current. Making one last effort

before he sank for ever, he threw the flower to his lady-love, and exclaimed, "Forget-me-not!" Since that time, this plant has been the emblem of memory nearly over all Europe.

Where flows the fountain silently,
It blooms a lovely flower,
Blue as the beauty of the sky
It speaks, like kind fidelity,
Through fortune's sun and shower,
Forget-me-not.

'Tis like the starry eyes, more bright
Than evening's proudest star;
Like purity's own halo light,
It seems to smile upon thy sight,
And says to thee from afar—
Forget-me-not.

Each dew-drop on its morning leaves
Is eloquent as tears
That whisper, when young Passion grieves
For one beloved afar, and weaves
His dream of hopes and fears—
Forget-me-not.

A SENTIMENT.

Beauty's best Companion—Modesty.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

There is a modest little flower,
To friendship ever dear,
Oh! plant it on my humble bed,
And strew it o'er my bier.

Let not the dull sepulchral Yew
Its sombre branches wave,
But let that little fragile flower
Alone grow on my grave.

No sculptured marble e'er shall show
My long and lowly home,
That little modest, humble flower
Shall mark my silent tomb.

Then shall my grave by this be known,
A little smiling spot,
A mound thick covered with the flower
That says, "Forget-me-not."

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Yes, I saw as I pass'd along,—
I saw it under the hedge,
That pretty little blue flower,
Which I now take for a pledge;—

A pledge of love that rests on thee,
Which nought from my heart can blot;
It speaks in language sweet and clear,
Forget, O *forget me not!*

Forget! how can it ever be?
When I have said, "*Be mine!*"
And when I've heard thy own sweet voice.
Whispering, "*I will be thine!*"
Others have captivating charms,
But must not share my lot;
The little blue flower lifts up its head,
And whispers, *Forget-me-not!* GU.

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

From time immemorial all nations have loved flowers, and most have regarded them as having a language. We might refer to Persia, the islands of the sea, the continent of Europe, &c. Flowers have been made symbolical of the passions and emotions of the mind, especially of

Those thoughts, those passions, those delights,
Which animate this mortal frame,
And are the ministers of Love,
And tend to feed his flame.

Flowers were the burden also of ancient song. We might refer to Bion, Moschus, Musæus, and the rest of the Greek idyllists. The Latin poets and historians are full of floral imagery. In the poetry of modern Italy, France, Spain, and Germany, there is much of the floral element. Goethe called the flowers "stars of earth;" hence Longfellow says,—

"Spake full well in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine."

"Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about in awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld."

Longfellow states flowers to be a natural revelation of Divine wisdom and goodness, the symbols of the most sublime truths; namely, the resurrection of the body from the grave's corruption, its union with the soul, and its immortal adornment in the paradise of God. The most splendid flowers are but faint emblems of the good man's grandeur in the heaven of heavens.

EGLANTINE, OR SWEET BRIAR.

From this bleeding hand of mine,
Take this sprig of Eglantine;
Which, though sweet unto your smell,
Yet the fretful briar will tell;
He who plucks the sweets shall prove
Many thorns to be in love.

HERRICK.

The plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment. So look thou,
And ask i' faith, and thou shalt have
Blessings rich and rare.

SHAKSPERE.

UNDYING LOVE.

My heart and soul shall still be thine,
Come what may come of ills the worst,
As faithful to thy life's decline,
As when they wooed and loved thee first.

Then hear, dear love, my heart's true vow,
And let thy heart confide in me;
I will not change—my love shall grow
Till we in wedlock's bands shall be.

As birds oft sing their sweetest song,
When every leaf hath left the tree;
So when thy bloom hath vanished long,
My heart shall fonder cling to thee!

THE MUSK ROSE.

As Venus wander'd 'midst the Idalian bower,
And watch'd the loves and graces round her play,
She pluck'd a Musk Rose from its dew-bent spray;
"And this," she cried, "shall be my favourite flower,
For o'er its crimson leaflets I will shower
Dissolving sweets, to steal the soul away."

ROSCOE.

As late I rambled in the happy fields,
What time the skylark shakes the tremulous dew
From its lush clover covert,—when anew
Adventurous knights take up their dinted shields—
I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
A fresh blown Musk Rose; 'twas the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer; graceful it grew,
As is the wand that Queen Titania wields;
And, as I feasted on its fragrancy,
I thought the garden Rose it far excell'd.

KEATS

THE MOSS ROSE.

Have you ever imagined, when you stood beside the sweet rose, and admired its beauty, and inhaled its fragrance, that it was talking all the while? Listen to a conversation which the pious Krummacher once thought he heard, as he stood admiring the moss-rose, and the simple dress with which the hand of nature, or rather the hand of nature's God has clothed it. Here it is:—

"The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them the dew in

the still night, slumbered, on a spring day, in the shade of a rose-bush.

"And when he awoke, he said, with a smiling countenance, 'Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odour and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favour, how willingly would I grant it.'

"'Adorn me, then, with a new charm,' said the spirit of the rose-bush in a beseeching tone.

"And the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there in modest attire, the *moss-rose*, the most beautiful of its kind."

And the good man who wrote this adds, "Lay aside the splendid ornament and the glittering jewel, and listen to the instructions of maternal nature."

Whenever, therefore, you feel inclined to envy those who wear costly ornaments, —the ring of diamonds, or the necklace of pearls,—think of the moss-rose, and the lesson of wisdom which it teaches; and remember that there is no fine gold equal

to "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great great price."

THERE WAS A ROSE.

THERE was a rose, that blushing grew
Within my life's young bower;
The angels sprinkled holy dew
Upon the blessed flower:
I glory to resign it, love,
Though it was dear to me;
Amid thy laurels twine it, love,
It only blooms for thee.

There was a rich and radiant gem
I long kept hid from sight,
Lost from some seraph's diadem—
It shone from Heaven's own light!
The world could never tear it, love,
That gem of gems from me;
Yet on thy fond breast wear it, love,
It only shines for thee.

There was a bird came to my breast,
When I was very young;
I only knew that sweet bird's nest,
To me she only sung;

But, ah! one summer's day, love,
I saw that bird depart;
The truant flew thy way, love,
And nestled in thy heart.

There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread
Are writen words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

Fairest flower, the pride of Spring,
Blooming, beauteous, fading thing!
'Tis as yesterday, when first,
Forth thy blushing beauties burst,
And I marked thy bosom swell,
And I caught thy balmy smell,
Fondly hoping soon to see
All thy full-blown symmetry;—
But I came—and lo! around,
Sadly strewn upon the ground,
Lovely, livid leaves I see—
Oh! can these be *all* of thee!—
I would weep, for so I've known
Many a vivid vision flown;

Many a hope that found its tomb,
Just when bursting into bloom;
Many a friend—ah! why proceed?
See afresh my bosom bleed—
Rather turn my thoughts on high,
Hopes there are which cannot die;
Yes, my Saviour, thou canst give
Joys that will not thus deceive.
Eden's roses never fade,
Eden's prospects know no shade.

REV. H. STOWELL.

THE MOSS ROSE.

The angel of the flowers one day
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,
That spirit—to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews from heaven;
Awakening from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the Rose,—
"O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 't is granted thee."
Then said the Rose, with deepened glow,—
"On me another grace bestow."—
The Spirit paused in silent thought,
What grace was there that flower had not?

'Twas but a moment—o'er the Rose
A *veil of moss* the angel throws;
And, robed in nature's *simplest weed*,
Could there a flower that Rose exceed?

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Welcome, Welcome, lovely comer,
First and fairest rose of summer;
Let us hail thy joyful reign,
Sweetest of the fragrant train,
Brightest, brilliant, fairest flower,
Shedding sweets in verdant bower.

Welcome, Welcome, lovely guest,
In thy modest vesture drest,
No splendid garments you desire,
No glittering gems in thy attire,
No brilliants thy fair robes adorn,
But the pearly drops of morn.

Welcome, welcome, pride of May,
Long thy pleasing power display;
Fairest floweret of the field,
Homage to thy charms I yield;
Might I bend a willing knee,
Thankful in adoring thee.

Welcome, welcome, thee I sing,
Monument of parted spring;
But will those charms e'er yield us joy?
No, where's the bliss without alloy?
For, ah! I fear thy early bloom,
But presages an early tomb.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last Rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone:
No flower of her kindred,
No Rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem:
Since the lovely are sleeping
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie senseless and dead.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,

And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

MOORE.

THE WINTER ROSE.

THE soft blooms of Summer are faint to the eye
Where brightly the gay silver Medway glides by;
And rich are the colours which Autumn adorn,
Its gold chequer'd leaves, and its billows of corn.
But dearest to me is the pale lonely *Rose*,
Whose blossoms in Winter's dark season unclose,
Which smile in the rigour of Winter's stern blast,
And smooth the rough present by sighs of the past.
And thus, when around us affliction's dark power
Eclipses the sunshine of life's flowing hour,
While drooping, deserted, in sorrow we bend,
Oh! sweet is the presence of *one* faithful friend.
The crowds that smiled on us when gladness was ours,
Are Summer's bright blossoms which Autumn devours!
But the friend on whose breast we in sorrow repose,
That friend is the Winter's lone, beautiful rose.

ROSE—LOVE.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower.
The bridal day, the festival, the tomb,
Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower!
Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by
A thousand images of love and grief,
Dreams, filled with tokens of mortality,
Deep thought of all things beautiful and brief.

MRS. HEMANS.

A WISH.

Charms to strike the Sight, and Merit to win the Heart.

THE ROSE.

.....Queen of every flower,
Breathing the soul of spring in thy perfume;
The pearls of morning are thy wedding dower,
Thy bridal garment is a robe of bloom!
Wake, lovely flower! for now the winter's gloom
Hath wept itself in summer dew away;
Wake, lovely flower! and bid thy smiles assume
A kindred brightness with the rosy ray
That streaks the floating clouds with the young blush of day.

THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I pluck'd the garden's pride!
Within the petals of a rose
A sleeping love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glow'd his cheek beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded power,
Nor scar'd his balmy rest;
And plac'd him, cag'd within the flower
Upon my lover's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile
Awoke the pris'ner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile
And stamp'd his fairy feet. COLERIDGE.

THE ROSE.

The Rose, the sweet-blooming Rose,
Ere from the tree 'tis torn,
Is like the charm which beauty shows,
In life's exulting morn!

But oh! how soon its sweets are gone,
How soon it withering lies!
So, when the eve of life comes on,
Sweet beauty fades and dies.

Then since the fairest form that's made
Soon withering we shall find,
Let us possess what ne'er will fade,
The beauties of the mind.

HON. C. J. FOX.

THE LANGUAGE OF ROSES.

A LOVE LETTER.

Bay Rose, lest thy Rose be Rose Mundi. Ah, I judge thee to be Musk cluster Rose, Red Rose-bud. I admire thy Red Rose (full), for it is Multi-flora Rose. Rose Austrian, therefore thornless Rose. Maiden Blush Rose, and there will soon be a Moss Rose-bud with single Rose and deep Red Rose. Daily Rose; therefore Christmas Rose, and give Damask Rose to my mind. May our Pear-Tree soon lead to White and Red Rose united; and may

there never be in us Yellow Rose. Farewell, Burgundy Rose, the Hawthorn of my heart.

MOSS ROSE-BUD.

I DO believe that unto thee
Truth, honour, plain sincerity,
  Are jewels far before
All that the others think are dear;
And yet far more than they I fear,
  Because I love thee more!

And yet I hope, because I love
With thoughts that set thee far above
  Vain Fortune's glittering store;
Others may deem thou canst be won
By things that sparkle in the sun,
  But oh! I love thee more!

G. P. R. JAMES.

THE ROSE.

O TAKE this rose, so sweet and fair,
And place it on thy bosom there;
O let it now an emblem be
Of all that's fair and sweet in thee.

Ah! but thy blushes seem to say,
"Thorns are on this rose of May!"
O fear thee not! The care be mine,
To keep thorns from that heart of thine.

Thou say'st again,—"This rose will fade,
And my sad heart may be betrayed!"
O no! Though all its petals fall,
Mutations come, I'll love through all.

GU.

I'm thinking of thee all day,
And when I'm awake at night;
Sweeter than roses so sweet,
Thou givest me sweet delight.

PRIMROSE.

Early Primrose is the symbol of *Youth;* life's propitious season—the morning of life's day—the seed-time of after life. O ye young, be careful *what* and *how* you sow in the season of youth; for if you sow the seeds of evil, the noon and evening of your life's day may be dark, cloudy, and miserable!

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood played;
By the household tree through which thine eye
First looked in love to the summer sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the Primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!
Yes, when thy heart in its pride would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away:
When the sullying breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its native home;
Think thou again of the woody glade,
Of the sound by rustling ivy made;
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more.

MRS. HEMANS.

Red Primrose is the symbol of *unpatronized merit.* Persons of genius and talent are often neglected. "They waste their sweetness on the desert air." This is lamentable! But persons of wealth, with poverty of intellect, are mostly patronized and honoured. O Red Primrose, thou symbolest a sad trait in the human character!

O he should have been honour'd,
So wise and so good!

He should have been raised
Where the worthless have stood.

His genius was great,
Replete was his mind
With greatest of thoughts
To enrich human kind.

Like the Primrose conceal'd
Among the green grass,
From this life unhonour'd,
To the cold grave he pass'd.

But the wealthy and foolish
They lifted up high,
And crown'd them with laurels
Till called to die.

O wretched humanity,
Red gold is thy lure,
Which tempts thee great talent
To despise and obscure!

Philosophers and Schoolmen,
Come, gather rich flowers,
On the tomb of great genius,
Throw them in showers!

GU.

Evening Primrose is the symbol of *Inconstancy*, the twin brother of unfaithfulness, the perturber of the mind, and the breaker of hearts. O inconstancy, thou

hast slain thousands of lovely swains, and beautifully attractive maids!

"Say, gentle lady of the bower,
For thou, though young, art wise,
And known to thee is every flower,
Beneath our milder skies;—

"Say which the plant of modest dye,
And lovely mien combined,
That, fittest to the pensive eye,
Displays the virtuous mind?

"I sought the groves where innocence
Methought might long reside;
But April's blossom banish'd thence,
Gave summer Flora's pride.

"I sought the garden's boasted haunt;
But on the gay parterre
Carnations glow, and tulips flaunt;
No humble floweret there.'

"The flower you seek," the nymph replies,
Has bow'd the languid head;
For on its bloom the blazing skies
Their sultry rage have shed.

"'Tis now the downward withering day
Of winter's dull presage,
That seeks not where the dog-star's ray
Has shed his fiercest rage.

"Yet seek yon shade, obscure, forlorn,
Where rude the bramble grows;
There shaded by the humble thorn,
The lingering Primrose blows."

MICKLE.

A WISH.

All that Love can give and the heart enjoy.

PRIMROSE.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop, and weep;

Is it for want of sleep
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:—
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

[The following beautiful lines are by an American author. It is, however, a poem that, once read, is not easily forgotten; and will be welcomed with pleasure by all lovers of nature in the pleasant season of Spring.]

HERE I come creeping, creeping every where;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the childen play
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street,
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere:

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're number'd with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,

In the happy spring I'll come,
And deck your silent home,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most gratefully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

DAHLIA.

Bloom on in thy beauty, sweet child of the west,
By the sunlight of heaven so softly caress'd;
Bloom on in thy pride, and with statelier show,
Fling around the rich charm of thy colour and glow;
Shed on each patient heart the sweet smile of thy face,
And teach us our duty in life's pressing race.

'Tis beauty that charms and enraptures the sense,
And gives to each moment a bliss more intense;
'Tis beauty that wins us to virtue and truth,
Making hope a fair shadow to guide us in youth;
And wherever we meet it the joys of the heart
Come around like the incense that flowers impart.

Like new hope to a lost one all sadly forlorn,
Thou bringest thy blossom when summer is gone;

As a token of beauty when sunlight departs
To cheer and enliven our desolate hearts;
So, even in sorrow some gladness may bloom,
To make holy the pathway that leads to the tomb.

J. S. HIBBERD.

"From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring
To revel in the roses."

TO A DAISY.

On finding one in bloom on Christmas-Day.

THIS flower, the first prize of childhood, and afterwards not less dear from the associations connected with it, is in blow during almost all the year, and in most parts of Europe. Its rich disk of gold, and white rays beautifully tinged with crimson, merit the name of Eye of Day; and it always closes before night, and at the approach of rainy weather.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,

Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page.—In every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer's reign,
The Daisy never dies.

J. MONTGOMERY.

SONG.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green bracken,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow Broom:

Far dearer to me are yon humble Broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;

Their sweet scented woodlands, that skirt the proud palace,
What are they? The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

BURNS.

FIELD FLOWERS.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet wildlings of nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delights,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of broken blades breathing their balm;
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildlings of June;
Of old ruinous castles ye tell!
I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of the spell.

Even now, what affections the violet awakes,
What loved little islands, twice seen in the lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore.
What landscapes I read in the primroses' looks;
What pictures of pebbles and minnowy brooks,
In the vetches that tangle the shore.

Earth's cultureless buds! to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow o'er my tomb.

T. CAMPBELL.

LILIES.

OBSERVE the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see, how warm they blush! how bright they glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare?
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!
If ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven He feeds,
If o'er the earth such lucid robes he spreads;
Will He not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is He unwise?—or are ye less than they?

THOMPSON.

ALMOND.—HOPE.

The hope, in dreams of a happier hour,
That alights upon misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery Almond flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.

MOORE.

YE ARE NOT MISSED, FAIR FLOWERS.

Ye are not missed, fair flowers, that late were spreading
The summer's glow by fount and breezy grot;
There falls the dew, its fairy favours shedding,
The leaves dance on, the young birds miss you not.

Still plays the sparkle o'er the rippling water,
O Lily! whence thy cup of pearl is gone;
The bright wave mourns not for its loveliest daughter,
There is no sorrow in the wind's low tone.

And thou, meek Hyacinth! afar is roving,
The bee that oft thy trembling bells hath kiss'd,
Cradled ye were, fair flowers! 'midst all things loving,
A joy to all—yet, yet ye are not miss'd!

Ye that were born to lend the sunbeam gladness,
And the winds fragrance, wandering where they list,—
Oh! it were breathing words too deep in sadness
To say—earth's human flowers not more are miss'd!

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Come buy, come buy my mystic flowers,
All ranged with due consideration,
And culled in Fancy's fairy bowers,
To suit each age and every station.

For those who late in life would tarry,
I've *Snowdrops*, Winter's children cold;
And those who seek for wealth to marry
May buy the flaunting *Marygold*.

I've *Ragwort*, *Ragged-robins too*,
Cheap flowers for those of low condition;
For bachelors I've *Buttons* blue;
And *Crown-imperials* for ambition.

For sportsmen keen who range the lea,
I've *Pheasant's-eye*, and sprigs of *Heather*,
For Courtiers with the supple knee,
I've climbing plants and *Prince's-feather*.

For thin, tall fops I keep the *Rush;*
For pedants still I'm *Nightshade* weeding;
For rakes I've *Devil-in-the-bush;*
For sighing Strephons *Love-lies-bleeding*.

But fairest blooms Affection's hand
For constancy and worth disposes,
And gladly weaves, at your command,
A wreath of *Amaranth* and *Roses*.

MRS. COBBOLD.

TO YOU I'D FLY.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

BURDOCK....*Sentiment*....IMPORTUNITY.

The hooked spines which beset the seed vessels of the Burdock, attach themselves to every passing object, and are not easily shaken off. To stick to one like a bur, is a proverbial expression.

Importunate the burs cling fast,
Them off 'tis hard to shake;
They are like sturdy beggars, who
Will no denial take.

And so, my love, to thee I cling,
And mean to keep my hold;
To love thee, dear, while thou art young,
Yea, love, till thou art old.

The fair ones pass before me, love,
They have no charms for me;
My heart must cling to thee, my love,
The fairest that I see.

Thou art my Rose, my Lily, Bell,
Sweet Heliotrope to me;
Acacia, Daisy, Honey-flower,
Are symbols, love, of thee.

My Mignonette, and Pansy sweet,
My Calla, Celandine,
Amethyst, Myrtle, and White Pink
And Clover sweet, "Be mine."

I'll be like Ivy unto thee
Veronica, fidelity;
With Orange Blossoms crown thee soon
Hawthorn, still hope in me. GU.

Charms to strike the Sight, and Merit to win the Heart.

PROPENSITIES OF OLD BACHELORS.

Abatina; wandering from flower to flower, and losing every one.—*Wolf's Bane;* loving none but themselves—cramped creatures.—*Agnus Castus;* their hearts are ice, and overloaded with *Box;* the creatures were born on an iceberg,

cradled in snow, and fed on icicles.—They hate *American Linden*, and would burn it up all over the globe. You cannot by *Althæa Frutex* get them to enter it. They are full of *Apocynum, Scarlet Auricula*, and *Barberry*.-They *Amaryllis* themselves in *Bachelor's Buttons*, and vociferate to all ladies, *Red Balsam!*—They never say *Red Chrysanthemum*; but to the ladies have the greatest *China Rose, Basil*, and *Box*.—Were a lady to take the hand of one of these apes, he would swoon away before he had time to cry out, *Butterfly Weed*. Many of them abound in *Cock's Comb, Crab Blossom*, and *Cuscuta;*—they are the shabbiest blades in creation. Their name is *Diosma*, and they are to be regarded with *Dragon Wort*. Who would belong to such a tribe? O old Bachelor, *Ficoides!* Take you the following *Bouquet:*—

THE OLD BACHELOR'S BOUQUET.

Mock Orange, Meadow Saffron, Meadow Sweet, Mushroom, Stinging Nettle, Pigeon Berry, Winter Cherry, African Marygold, Venus Fly Trap, Double Larkspur,

Lettuce, Willow Herb, Bunch of Thorns, Teazle, Pomegranate, Rose Mundi, Quaking Grass, Quamoclit, Common Laurel, Spanish Jasmine, Rue, Rye Grass, Lady's Slipper, Mandrake, Thistle, Stramonium, Snake's Tongue, Weeping Willow.

OLD BACHELORS.

O hang them up—O hang them all
Who will not into wedlock fall!
If all, like them, were ne'er to woo,
Whatever would the ladies do?
They would, I'm sure, go out of mind,
If a husband dear they could not find.

GRASS,....Beauty and Utility.

"A thing of beauty," says Keats, "is a joy for ever;" and with how many things of beauty has a gracious God seen fit to adorn this temporary dwelling-place of ours! How lovely are the grasses—the flowing grasses, and how useful!

"Earth adorners, how I love ye!
Sunshine floats around, above ye!
Many bright associations,
Many radiant creations,
Images of grace and beauty,
Thoughts of pleasure, love, and duty,

Throng upon my mind whenever
I do gaze upon ye: never
Beauteous shapes of God's creation
More deserved man's admiration,
Than the flowing grasses, growing
Wild where'er the breeze is blowing."

THE ALBANIAN LOVE-LETTER.

An exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honeyed kiss,
This art of writing *billet doux*
In buds, and odours, and bright hues,—
In saying all one feels and thinks,
In clever daffodils aud pinks,
Uttering (as well as silence may)
The sweetest words the sweetest way:
How fit, too, for the lady's bosom,
The place where *billet-doux* repose 'em.

How charming in some rural spot,
Combining *love* with *garden* plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers,
And one's epistolary powers,
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs, and beds of pansies;
One's sighs and passionate declarations
In odorous rhet'ric of carnations;

Seeing how far one's stocks will reach;
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering, every day, one's pathos.

A letter comes just gathered, we
Doat on its tender brilliancy;
Inhale its delicate expression
Of balm and pea; and its confession,
Made with as sweet a maiden blush
As ever morn bedew'd in bush;
And then, when we have kissed its wit,
And heart, in water putting it,
To keep its remarks fresh, go round,
And with delighted hands compose
Our answer, all of lily and rose,
Of tuberose and of violet,
And little darling (mignonette);
And gratitude and polyanthus,
And flowers that say, "Felt never man thus!"

LEIGH HUNT.

THE VIOLET.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.
Violets of every shade and hue,
Symbol my heart sincere and true. GU.

CANTERBURY BELL....ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Ah, I must tell thee without fear,
The die is surely cast;
That I am thine, and only thine,
Beloved, to the last.

I could not see thee, hear thy voice,
Or look upon thy brow,
And mark the beauty of thy form,
And not my love avow.

Canterbury bell, I now confess
I love thee from my heart;
O wilt thou now be mine, sweet love,
And never from me part.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Teach thee their language! Sweet, I know no tongue,
No mystic art those gentle things declare;
I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among
Created things, so delicate and rare.

Their language, prythee! Why they are themselves
But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and hue,

The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,
When tenderness as yet within the world was new.

And oh, do not their soft and starry eyes—
Now bent to earth, to heaven now meekly pleading,
Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,
Yet still from earth with freshening hope receding—

Say, do not these to every heart declare,
With all the silent eloquence of truth,
The language that they speak is Nature's prayer
To give her back those spotless days of youth?

HOFFMAN.

TO A VIOLET.

Sweet flower! Spring's earliest, loveliest gem!
While other flowers are idly sleeping,
Thou rear'st thy purple diadem;
Meekly from thy seclusion peeping.

Thou, from thy little secret mound,
Where diamond dew-drops shine above thee,
Scatterest thy modest fragrance round;
And well may Nature's Poet love thee!

Thine is a short, swift reign I know—
But here—thy spirit still prevading—
New violets' tufts again shall blow,
Then fade away—as thou art fading;

And be renewed; the hope how blest,
(O may that hope desert me never!)
Like thee to sleep on nature's breast,
And wake again, and bloom for ever!

BOWRING.

Ivy we twine of changeless green,
Constant for ever in leaf and bough.

L. E. L.

THE EARLY VIOLETS.

A tear-drop stood in the violet's eye,
As the keen March wind swept fiercely by;
It folded its leaves of an emerald green,
To ward off the blast so cutting and keen,
Which bowed it to the ground.

One luckless flower was thus exposed,
The rest of the buds were firmly closed;
But they felt that their lov'd companion sigh'd;
And at eve the purple favourite died,
And withered on its stem.

But a sunbeam kissed the unopened flowers,
The following day in the noontide hours,
Forgotten their first-born favourite's doom,
Proudly they burst into purple bloom,
In the golden sunlight's rays.

For a few short hours they were glad and warm,
But alas! at eve came the sweeping storm,
And the evening dew wept tears in vain,
It could not revive those flowers again,
By the cruel March wind killed.

CONDOR.

WHITE ROSES.

They were gathered for a bridal:
I knew it by their hue—
Fair as the summer moonlight
Upon the sleeping dew.
From their bright and fairy sisters
They were borne without a sigh,
For one remembered evening
To blossom and to die.

They were gathered for a bridal,
And bound into a wreath;
But purer were the roses
Than the heart that lay beneath;

Yet the beaming eye was lovely,
And the coral lip was fair,
And the gazer looked and asked not
For the secret hidden there.

They were gathered for a bridal,
Where a thousand torches glistened,
When the holy words were spoken,
And the false and faithless listened,
And answered to the vow
Which another heart hath taken:
Yet he was present then—
The once loved, the forsaken!

They were gathered for a bridal,
And now, now they are dying,
And young Love at the altar
Of broken faith is sighing.
Their summer life was stainless,
And not like hers who wore them:
They are faded, and the farewell
Of beauty lingers o'er them!

THE WHITE ROSE.

Some love with loitering step to rove,
Where ruby roses light the grove,
At evening's close;

But, though I seldom flowers refuse,
Of any tint, I'd rather choose,
The white, white rose.

'Twas not the rose of ruby hue
I chose, dear girl, for you, for you,
Where Avon flows;
No—emblem, rather of the brow,
Than cheek, 'twas mine to crop, as now,
The white, white rose.

And has it not been yours to smoothe
For me life's rugged road, and soothe
Its cares and woes?
And was it not I won your love,
Dear girl, where bloomed, our path above,
The white, white rose?

Then can I other floweret e'er
Than that more prize, however fair
And bright it glows?
Or can I e'er forget the hour
When first I culled, in sunny bower,
The white, white rose?

Love, like a rock, should firmly stand,
And hang its shelter o'er thee;
While only zephyrs soft and bland,
Dispense their sweets before thee.

ANEMONE....Forsaken.

The Anemone, or Wind Flower, is a beautiful flower, and a very desirable ornament for garden borders. The species are numerous, exhibiting a great variety of colours, as crimson, purple, blue, white, &c. When the seed is ripe, it is soon driven away by the winds, and the stalk is left naked and bare. Hence the flower is the symbol of *desertion*.

O I have loved thee with all my heart,
And thought thou wert true to me;
Thy professions were great—thy language strong,
But what carest thou now for me?

O cruel to leave me thus forlorn,
With an aching, broken heart!
I never once thought thou couldst deceive
And pierce with perfidious dart.

But thy words, alas! have been nought but wind,
Which bloweth and passeth away;
The *Anemone*, O thou infidel one,
Is the symbol of those who *betray*.

O think of the evil that thou hast done,
In wounding my faithful breast;
No peace can I find by day or by night,
Till the grave shall be my rest.

Another thou lovest better than me—
'Tis this that pierces my heart,

And yet thou call'dst me thy *peerless one*,
And vow'd we never should part.

O thou traitor base, thy vows were sand,
Thy heart is hollow and mean;
I wish I had never heard thy voice,—
Thy perfidious face ne'er seen.

But it is over now, the die is cast!
What does thy conscience say?
I weep, I am lone, and without hope—
O cruel thus to betray!

GU.

THE LILY;

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

Flower of light! forget thy birth,
Daughter of the sordid earth,
Lift the beauty of thine eye
To the blue ethereal sky.
While thy graceful buds unfold
Silver petals starr'd with gold,
Let the bee among thy bells,
Rifle their ambrosial cells,
And the nimble-pinion'd air
Waft thy breath to heaven, like prayer;
Cloud and sun alternate shed
Gloom or glory round thy head;

Morn impearl thy leaves with dews;
Evening lend them rosy hues,
Morn with snow-white splendour bless,
Night with glow-worm jewels dress;
Thus fulfil thy Summer-day,
Spring, and flourish, and decay;
Live a life of fragrance—then
Disappear—to rise again,
When thy sisters of the vale,
Welcome back the nightingale.

So may she whose name I write,
Be herself a flower of light,
Live a life of innocence,
Die—to be transported hence,
To that garden in the skies,
Where the Lily never dies. MONTGOMERY.

TO A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

Still, gentle lady, cherish flowers—
  True fairy friends are they,
On whom, of all thy cloudless hours,
  Not one is thrown away;
By them, unlike man's ruder race,
  No care conferr'd is spurned,
But all thy fond and fostering grace
  A thousand-fold return'd.

The Rose repays thee all thy smiles—
The stainless Lily rears,
Dew in the chalice of its wiles,
As sparkling as thy tears.
The glances of thy gladden'd eyes
Not thanklessly are pour'd;
In the blue Violet's tender dyes
Behold them all restored.

Yon bright Carnation—once thy cheek
Bent o'er it in the bud;
And back it gives thy blushes meek
In one rejoicing flood!
That Balm has treasured all thy sighs,
That Snowdrop touch'd thy brow,
Thus not a charm of thine shall die,
Thy face adorning now.

SIMMONS.

MYRTLE CORRESPONDENCE.

A lady offering a young clergyman, of high scholastic attainments, a sprig of myrtle for his lady-love, he declined the gift, and sent her the following stanzas by way of accounting for his refusal:—

Oh! give not me the myrtle spray
To deck a gentle maid;

I will not bear one leaf away,
Though I love its fragrant shade.

Rather in soft Italia's strand,
Where Tiber's waters flow,
Still let it crown the Cyprian band,
Or deck the wanton brow.

The Paphian Queen's unhallowed shrine
May still the myrtle wear;
The Grecian Helen well might twine
The blossoms in her hair.

Be mine the flowers that blush unseen
Down in the vale below:
The primrose peeping from between
The blue bells where they grow.

Give me the snow-drop, fair and bright,
Chaste as the morning dew;
Give me the flower that shuns the light,
The violet, white or blue.

These be the floral gems I seek,
I ask no other aid,
The purest emblems of a meek,
A soft retiring maid.

Then, lady, keep thy myrtle spray
To grace some other brow;
I will not bear one leaf away
To meet a lover's vow.

REPLY, BY MISS MITFORD.

Scorn not the fragrant myrtle bough,
Oh! gentle Minstrel, scorn not thou,
Nor change for blossoms frail and brief,
The bright imperishable leaf;
Emblem of things that dearest be,
Of love, and truth, and constancy.

For be that maid as snow-drop fair,
As the first wintry primrose blows;
With eyes that share the bluebell's hue,
Or morning violets steeped in dew;
Yet shalt thou own the myrtle bough,
May well beseem a virgin brow.

Let the dark wreath, with buds so pale,
Sit crown-like on the nuptial,
That verdant bay thyself mayst claim,
Large portion of that tree of fame;
Add laurel-spray and orange flower,
And fair befall the bridal hour.

I COULD BE HAPPY WITH THEE, LOVE.

I could be happy with thee, love,
And sing like a lark in the sky;
I could be happy with thee, love,
Contented on earth till I die.
The spring has its garlands of flowers,
The summer its fruits and its grain,
The autumn has bright sunny bowers,
But my heart hath sorrow and pain.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

Where willows wept o'er woodbine bower,
I plucked a crimson plant unheeding;
But little reck'd the crimson flower
Which I had culled, was "Love-lies-bleeding."

Oh! what a train of glowing thought
Then filled my mind—all words exceeding—
Ere I had left the flowery spot
I pondered thus on "Love-lies-bleeding."

Full many a heart in bosom fair,
Which spirits of the skies are reading,
Is now the ruin of despair—
The secret shrine of "Love-lies-bleeding."

Man may forget the loved one lost,
A life of change and pleasure leading;
But if sweet woman's heart is crossed,
Deep in its centre "Love-lies-bleeding."

Is there a blushing cheek can smile,
When sorrow on the breast is feeding?
Is there an eye can sparkle, while
A broken heart with "Love-lies-bleeding?"

Ah! no—as falls the gentle dove,
Its wound hid from the world unheeding;
Though not unknown to heaven above—
So sinks the heart where "Love-lies-bleeding."

Oh! may some spirit seek that heart—
As beauty roves through rose-beds weeding—
And root the red flower from its part;
For death is bliss to "Love-lies-bleeding."

SILLERY.

POPPY....CONSOLATION.

O love has been like a Poppy to me,
Placing my heart in captivity:
I loved, was refused—love's a poisonous plant
When you can't obtain the dear one you want.
But Poppies can cure, and Poppies can kill;
I did not give up, but conquer'd at will,
And Cupid let fly his conquering dart,—
The conquest, like Poppies, healed my heart.

SONG OF THE POPPY

When the clouds of sin and sorrow
Gather round thy guileless heart,
And the dawn of each new morrow
Nought but anguish can impart;
When saddening moments thou would'st rue,
If thy heart be fond and true,
I will offer solace.

When the look of cold disdain
Comes where you expected gladness,
And the pangs of piercing pain
Steep thy soul in gloom and sadness;
If thou'st done no deed to rue,
And thy heart be fresh and true,
I will give thee solace.

If the icy hand of death
Should fall on those you hold the dearest,
To seal for aye the fleeting breath
Of that one heart for which thou carest;
Yet though days be short and few,
If thou still art fond and true,
I will give thee solace.

But I go, for wintry weather
Treads upon the brink of summer,
And all the flower sprites together,
Meet to greet each angel-comer;
So farewell, where'er thou be,
If thy heart from sin be free
Within it will be solace.

GLOBE AMARANTH...UNCHANGEABLENESS.

This flower retains its beauty for several years; and it is used for forming the unchanging wreaths or *immortelles* with which bereaved persons adorn the graves of departed relatives or friends, to indicate mournful reminescence, and unchanging affection.

But there's a green and fragrant leaf
Betokens nor revelry, blood, nor grief:
'Tis the purest amaranth springing below,
And rests on the calmest, noblest brow:
It is not the right of the monarch or lord,
Nor purchased by gold, nor won by the sword,
For the lowliest temples gather a ray
Of quenchless light from the palm of bay.

Oh, beautiful bay! I worship thee—
I homage thy wreath—I cherish thy tree;
And of all the chaplets Fame may deal,
'Tis only to this one I would kneel;
For as Indians fly to the banian branch,
When tempests lower and thunders launch,
So the spirit may turn from crowds and strife
And seek from the bay-wreath joy and life.

What is the state of my heart to thee?
The *Blue-bell* proclaims, 'Tis *Constancy.*

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